

THE INSIDE TRAIL



Voice of the Glacier Park Foundation Spring 2021 Volume XXXVII, No. 1

The Ride of Our Lives!

Remembering Ian B. Tippet

An Anthology of Memories and Stories



Glacier's Tippet Years were built on a combination of hard work and hard play with strong emphases on tradition and sentimentality.

(Christmas in July 1975 by John Hagen)

EDITORIAL: *IN FLUX*

In 1946, Glacier Park's facilities reopened after being shut down from 1943-45 during World War Two. Gas rationing, austerity, and mass enlistments had shuttered Glacier's lodges and idled its red buses, horses and boats.

The war and the shutdown brought about some notable changes in the Park. In earlier decades, locomotive bells were mounted on platforms at Swiftcurrent Pass, Piegan Pass, and Siyeh Pass. Hikers would ring them when crossing the passes (a custom borrowed from the Alps). The bells were taken down during scrap metal drives, to be melted down for the war effort.

Some of Glacier's chalets were so weatherbeaten during the three-year closure that they had to be destroyed. Going-to-the-Sun Chalets, which used to tower dramatically

on Sun Point, were torn down. The St. Mary Chalets were bulldozed out onto the winter ice of St. Mary Lake, burned there, and sunk in the waters. The Cut Bank Chalets were also torn down. At Many Glacier, the building shifted during the wartime shutdown and bent the Annex elevator shaft, which never functioned again.

Soldiers, sailors, and aviators, just discharged from the armed forces, happily took summer jobs in the Park. The late Chet Bowers (a longtime GPF member, who wrote for *The Inside Trail*) recalled his bemusing transition from "driving a B-17 Flying Fortress over Europe to driving a red bus over Going-to-the-Sun Road." At Glacier Park Lodge, military veterans on the staff stepped in coolly to quell violence. (See *The Inside Trail*, Spring 2001, Fall 2010)

Glacier's pending transition in 2021 is a far cry from the drama and dislocation of the 1940s. But there are parallels as the Park works back to normalcy after a summer where most of its infrastructure and most of its operations were shut down.

A great part of the challenge is that normalcy in Glacier was in flux before the pandemic ever arose. In the three summers prior to 2020, visitation exploded, and congestion on the roads, in parking areas, and on some trails reached crisis levels. Those trend lines are likely to accelerate if pent-up travel explodes across American roads this summer.

The newly released reservations policy for Going-to-the-Sun Road and the Road's new Corridor Management Plan are reasonable measures to deal with the trend lines. All friends of Glacier are watching earnestly to see how these measures will work as the Park's reopening unfolds.

The Inside Trail takes its name from the famous old trail which connected Glacier Park Lodge with the vanished chalets at Two Medicine, Cut Bank, and St. Mary. The name thus emphasizes the publication's focus on the lore and history of Glacier National Park. We invite submission of historical, scientific, or anecdotal articles, commentary, poetry, or artwork for publication in future issues.

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The Glacier Park Foundation was formed by Glacier Park employees and visitors who have a deep love for this special place. The Foundation is committed both to the importance of wilderness preservation and to the importance of places like Glacier as classrooms where people can experience wilderness in intense meaningful ways, learning not only a love for the land, but also a respect that nurtures the skills necessary to preserve that land. The Foundation has a special interest in Glacier Park's history, traditions and visitor facilities.

The INSIDE NEWS for the Summer of 2021

A Perfect Storm

Glacier National Park may face a “perfect storm” of adversity in 2021. So said Jeff Mow, Glacier’s superintendent, in announcing a major change in park policy for this summer. Glacier will require preregistration and tickets for vehicles entering Going-to-the-Sun Road.

The “perfect storm” involves these factors: (1) dramatically increased visitor traffic in recent summers; (2) a pandemic-weary public eager to travel this summer in greater numbers than ever; (3) reduced Park Service staff, because social distancing reduces the number of dormitory beds; and (4) nightmarish road construction, especially on U.S. Highway 2.

Last summer, with some of these factors in play, the Park experienced epic congestion. Going-to-the-Sun was so congested that the Park Service was compelled to close the West Glacier entrance some 29 times in the course of 25 days. Traffic waiting for the entrance to reopen often was backed up through the West Glacier townsite and far onto Highway 2. A reservations-only system was considered but was deemed too problematic to launch at midseason.

This year, the Park Service carefully planned the system and announced it in March. Tickets will be needed to enter Going-to-the-Sun between 6 AM and 5 PM, from Memorial Day to Labor Day. (There are exceptions. Motorists with reservations for lodging or activities on the Road, commercial vehicles, inholders, and tribal members can enter without tickets.)

Tickets to drive the road can be purchased online only. Visitors must

make reservations through www.recreation.gov. Tickets cost \$2 (in addition to the \$35 park entrance fee) and can be printed or downloaded to a device.

The East Side Opens

Last year, almost all of the East Side of Glacier – roads, trails, and facilities – was closed because of the pandemic. The Blackfeet Indian Reservation, which borders Glacier, declared a strict lockdown, and the East Side gateways to the park were sealed. Glacier Park Lodge, Many Glacier Hotel, St. Mary Lodge, and the Swiftcurrent and Rising Sun motor inns were all shuttered.

This year, the Blackfeet accomplished a rapid vaccination program, inoculating some 95% of their members by the middle of March. The Blackfeet Tribal Business Council then declared the Reservation “open for business” and allowed access to park roads.

The reopening of Going-to-the-Sun’s east portal at St. Mary will have a strong impact on traffic patterns. Last year, all vehicles had to enter at West Glacier, drive the road, and then yo-yo back out at West Glacier. This year, traffic need not reverse course. But construction on Highway 2 would send traffic surging over Going-to-the-Sun if reservations were not required.

Highway Construction

Forty miles of Highway 2, from Hungry Horse to Essex, will see intensive pavement work this summer. The work will proceed from May to October, often 24 hours a day. Traffic will encounter long delays, with pilot cars periodically leading lines of vehicles back and forth.

Local businesses pled with the State of Montana to space out work on the highway rather than doing it all in six intense months. But federal funding formulas and the state of the pavement made this unfeasible. The road’s condition is so bad that delaying work would likely require a total tear-down and rebuilding, extending over several years.

Other roads inside the park will also be under construction. The Many Glacier entrance road will undergo work from Babb to the park boundary and from the park entrance station to the hotel. Travelers probably will meet delays of up to forty minutes.

Covid-19 Issues

The Covid-19 pandemic sharply restricted Glacier’s ability to serve the public last summer. The virus will have a strong impact this year. At this writing, in April, many issues are in flux and unresolved.

A national mask mandate, declared by President Biden, is in force in federal buildings and (with some flexibility) on federal land. Outdoor masking is required “when physical distancing cannot be maintained, including narrow or busy trails, parking lots, pull-offs and overlooks,” according to a Glacier Park press release. The mandate conceivably may be relaxed as the 2021 season progresses, if vaccinations and herd immunity bring the virus under control.

In the meantime, the Park Service faces a shortage of accommodations, as it did last summer. Lodging units that housed two or three park personnel in the past now can house only one,

(Continued on page 34)



Remembering Ian Tippet

Mr. Tippet and Head Bellman John Hagen at a washout after the flood of 1975 (Paul Meierding Photo.)

By John Hagen (Many Glacier 1970-80)

In the Long Hall, outside the manager's office at Many Glacier Hotel, there used to be posted a large red calendar. It was composed of heavy posterboard, about ten feet long and more than two feet high. It was headed "MANY GLACIER'S MONTHS OF MADNESS." It had squares for all the days on which the lodge was open, from June until September.

The calendar listed the entertainment programs for which Many Glacier was famous during Ian Tippet's years managing there (1961 to 1983). Monday featured the Hootenanny, Wednesday the Community Sing, and Thursday the Serenade. Friday for many years was Skit Night. Saturday was Big Dance Night, and Sunday was Concert Night (featuring an individual performer or the Many Glacier Singers).

In mid-August, most of these programs vanished from the calendar. In their places were listed the summer's Broadway Musical, an immense community effort. And all through the calendar were posted another emblem of community – the birthdays of employees.

The calendar was Mr. Tippet's personal project. He paid for it himself, as he did for many other things at the lodge. He delighted to update the calendar in his unique bold handwriting, as musicians volunteered for Concert Night, or as the staff organized an Olympics, a Bellmen's Ball or a Housemen's Hop.

All the programs were run on a volunteer basis. No performer and none of the support crews took any payment for their work. All summer, the lodge exuded community spirit and energy. And that energy had its source in the dynamic personality of Ian Tippet.

Everything about him was distinctive – the accent, the diction, the picturesque gestures. He was imitated endlessly and affectionately by the staff. Employees without any talent for drama could play the part of Mr. Tippet as if they were Broadway actors.

To begin with, there was the emphasis. When Mr. Tippet wrote a letter or a message, his nature compelled him to put numerous words in ALL CAPITALS. His patterns of speech were like that, too. He characteristically spoke in crescendos, putting ever-increasing emphasis on almost every WORD!

His British accent was enlivened by a fascinating diction. Each year, it seemed that he would fall in love with a new word or two that continually would ornament his speech – "aggressively," for instance (we would be "waxing floors aggressively," "aggressively collecting cigarette butts," "aggressively promoting the

Broadway musical”). Other memorable terms included “immaculate,” “shocking!,” “outstanding,” and “absolute” (“This is an *absolute* fiasco! It *absolutely* is!”).

Aside from these signature words, Mr. Tippet constantly made unique observations which delighted the employees. Here are a few especially memorable specimens of his diction:

- **“No more Bullfrog!”** Employees used to hold a “New Year’s Eve” costume party on July 31. One year, the dance band played Three Dog Night’s “Joy to the World.” The stentorian opening line (“Jeremiah was a Bullfrog”) and the uproarious choruses wakened every guest in the hotel and lit up the switchboard with complaints. Mr. Tippet uttered this famous imprecation while quashing the event.
- **“Are they cannibals?!”** Mr. Tippet demanded, after quelling wild dancing by campers at a Hootenanny. No doubt he was recalling the ferocious cannibal dances in *Robinson Crusoe*.
- **“Not good!”** This was Mr. Tippet’s trademark expression of disapproval, sometimes rendered as “Not businesslike; not good!” I recall a friend who was named

Employee of the Year oversleeping his shift and being shaken awake by a colleague who said, in reproachful Tippet-tones: “Not good, Employee of the Year!”

- **“Suppose you try ‘crocodiles!’”** A couple checked into the hotel with a pet alligator (named “Cookie”), which they took for walks in the hall. Mr. Tippet called the rangers, and was flabbergasted to learn that they could find no rule against this. “Well, if you can’t find anything under ‘alligators,’” he exclaimed, “suppose you try ‘crocodiles!’” Waving a long finger at his secretary, he said, “The Park Service harasses us with endless regulations, and yet they have nothing to keep *reptiles* out of the National Parks!”

A final example of Tippetesque diction involved a hoax. A young employee, underage to drink in Montana, brought back some Molson’s ale from Canada. He promptly received a call from another employee impersonating Mr. Tippet. “You have not attained the age of majority!” the voice on the phone reproved him. “I want you to give those bottles of ale to Ray Kinley” [the elderly dormitory supervisor, who had instigated the hoax]. It was a perfect line –

“attained the age of majority” was precisely what Mr. Tippet (and no other person on the planet) would have said.

And there were the gestures! The long arm flourishing, the long forefinger tracing a zigzag (a sort of rhetorical Mark of Zorro) to emphasize a point. Sometimes the long forefinger would strike a desk or a countertop to emphasize that a task was to be done “punctually” or that a supervisor should “reprimand” an erring employee.

And there was the pace. Mr. Tippet’s internal metronome ran several clicks more rapidly than is usual for a long-legged middle-aged man. He strode down the halls of the hotel at a startling pace and bounded up stairways, with minions scrambling to keep up.

He famously came on the scene at the most inopportune moments. If employees were idling, romping, or engaged in horseplay, Mr. Tippet uncannily was likely to turn up.

On the final night of the season in 1972, the guest count was low. Many of the rooms had been stripped down in preparation for the winter. A group of employees planned to carry out an elaborate prank in a room at the far end of Stagger Alley (on Lake Level, far away from the lobby).

One employee entered the room from Stagger Alley with a passkey. He went to unlock the lakeside door and let in the others, waiting outside on the lawn. On the way through the dark room, he inadvertently bumped the telephone receiver. This caused a light to appear on the switchboard far away in the front office.

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Most often, however, Mr. Tippet exuded good spirits and enthusiasm which inspired the staff. They gave the guests congenial service, combining excellence in their jobs with a certain amount of discreet horseplay. And they poured enormous energy into the entertainment program which was Mr. Tippet's magnificent creation.

Mr. Tippet predictably was standing by the switchboard and saw the light. "Mark!" he called to Mark Boydston, the head bellman, who was working the evening shift. "No one's supposed to be in that room! Come along! We're going to investigate!"

Mark was fully aware of what was going on. He stomped his feet and jangled the passkey as he and Mr. Tippet walked down Stagger Alley. "Mark!" Mr. Tippet said reprovingly. "You'd make a very poor detective!"

But Mark's efforts were unavailing. None of the pranksters heard the noise. The result was that Mr. Tippet entered the room from the hallway just as the pranksters were entering through the lakeside door.

"Tippet's in the room!" yelled an employee. The pranksters all pivoted like characters in an animated cartoon and fled back out the door into the darkness. They were incredulous that Mr. Tippet would pop up at such an hour and in such an unlikely spot, in a remote corner of the hotel.

Mr. Tippet could be moody. As a young bellman, I was shaken awake one morning in the dorm. Mark, the head bellman, was on the phone. "Tippet's on the warpath!" Mark informed me. "He says that all tip reports must be in absolutely in five minutes, so you'd better be down here in two!"

The tendency to moodiness was aggravated toward the end of the

season. Mr. Tippet abominated contract-breaking, which left him short-staffed in September. Employees would ask, "Is Mr. Tippet in a good mood today?," and if he was, they'd perversely march into his office to tell him that they were breaking contract – plunging him into a bad mood again.

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Mr. Tippet loved music, particularly classical music and show tunes. When he came to Many Glacier, he resolved to compensate guests for the ramshackle state of the lodge. Thus, he launched the Broadway musical, the Serenade, the Many Glacier Singers, the Concert Nights and all the rest.

He recruited skilled musicians aggressively (to use one of those trademark expressions). He advertised summer jobs through scores of collegiate music and drama departments. Applications poured in from performers, on top of the thousands of other applications for jobs in Glacier's lodges. As personnel director, Mr. Tippet worked legendary hours processing those applications.

He said that he "read applications in the bathtub," and he typed tens of thousands of letters.

The company's recruiting brochure informed prospective employees that "no Beatle-type or hippy-type haircuts" were allowed. Occasionally, readers of the brochure reacted fiercely to this guideline. Mr. Tippet confided, "I get letters addressed to 'Zippet,' with swastikas on them!" But overwhelmingly, correspondents were eager to work in the hotels.

Mr. Tippet was such a colorful figure that we tend to revel too much in the stories and not to lay adequate stress on his virtues. He led by example, working harder than anybody in the hotel. He would pitch in beside his employees on small tasks, moving furniture, folding napkins, and seating guests in the dining room.

He never took a day off, and he scarcely ever sat down except to work at his desk or to eat a rapid meal. He was constantly in motion, making the rounds of the hotel. His bustling, bounding, buoyant presence instilled the staff with esprit de corps and made the quirky old lodge run well.

He was a good sport, too. He disarmingly used to raise his eyebrows, glance over the top of his spectacles and say, "I have no doubt that I have certain eccentricities!" He would let the Dining Room chorus serenade him with "You're a Good Man,

[Ian] loved the Many Glacier community. He looked supremely content standing quietly at a masterful performance in the lobby, with hundreds of people filling the chairs and lining the balconies overhead. Those assemblies were his proud creation, and the amazing network of Glacier alumni friendships was his legacy.

Charlie Brown!” In 1976, on his birthday, he famously allowed the assembled staff to throw him into Swiftcurrent Lake.

He loved the Many Glacier community. He looked supremely content standing quietly at a masterful performance in the lobby, with hundreds of people filling the chairs and lining the balconies overhead. Those assemblies were his proud creation, and the amazing network of Glacier alumni friendships was his legacy.

His feelings surely were most stirred when the Many Glacier Singers sang “Jerusalem,” William Blake’s great poem set to Edward Elgar’s music. You may know it from the film *Chariots of Fire*. Mr. Tippet knew it as the school song of the West Buckland School in Devonshire, which he

had attended during the turbulent years of World War Two.

Many Glacier was not the sublime and transcendent community visualized to by Blake. But we had glimpses of that transcendence. May it be realized when all of us are reunited with Ian Tippet in the Kingdom of Heaven.

Wm. Blake’s “Jerusalem”

– Mr. Tippet’s School Song
(Blake’s poem is drawn from a legend that Jesus visited England as a boy. The song has enjoyed immense popularity as Britain’s “second national anthem” – a rallying song in the world wars, an anthem for supporters of women’s suffrage, the opening hymn for the 2012 London Olympics, a hymn sung at royal weddings, a theme song for all politi-

cal parties, and the closing number, sung by thousands, at Britain’s annual Last Night of the Proms.)

*And did those feet, in ancient time,
walk upon England’s mountains
green,
And was the holy Lamb of God on
England’s pleasant pastures seen,
And did the countenance divine shine
forth upon our clouded hills,
And was Jerusalem builded here,
amid these dark satanic mills?*

*Bring me my bow of burning gold,
Bring me my arrows of desire,
Bring me my spear, o clouds unfold,
Bring me my chariot of fire!*

*I will not shrink from mental fight
Nor shall my sword sleep in my hand
Till we have built Jerusalem
In England’s green and pleasant land.*

Ian with trusted companions. Left: Ian with Ray Kinley, & David Manzer. Right: Ian with Jose Campos & Julianne Meene. (Photos courtesy of Paul Meierding and Ian B. Tippet’s sister Vivienne Holliday.)



The 1960's

Doing the Unthinkable

By John Dobbertin, Jr. (Glacier Park Lodge 1962-'63)

When we organized the Glacier Park Lodge Employee Centennial in July 2013, there was much discussion about who should be asked “to say a few words” to the group.

One name of course stood out above all others: Ian Tippet.

Although he will forever be known as *The Maestro of Many Glacier Hotel*, Ian started his Glacier Park career at Glacier Park Hotel (as the Lodge was still known in the 1950's). We made advance contact with Mr. Tippet and he accepted our invitation.

Ian had no particular reason to remember me. Back in June 1962 I arrived at Glacier Park Lodge off-the-road, looking for a job. Even though Ian was Glacier Park, Inc.'s personnel director, he was also the Many Glacier Hotel manager. In season, Emily Moke was in charge of Glacier Park, Inc.'s hiring.

One of Emily Moke's questions of me was: “Are you musical?” I had to tell her I had left my trombone in Michigan. Her response was: “You won't be going to Many.” I learned later the significance of *being musical* at Ian Tippet's Many Glacier Hotel.

I started in the laundry at East, but within two weeks moved to the public relations job when that position opened. In that capacity, I met Ian

on a few occasions at Many Glacier in the summers of 1962 and 1963. He probably saw me as an interloper using a desk, typewriter and the precious telephone in the fine-tuned Many Glacier office as I prepared – and endlessly telephoned – press releases about events taking place in his hotel to the Associated Press and United Press International.

My wife Barbara and I arrived a few days before the 2013 reunion. Shortly after our arrival, I visited Ian in his office in the Glacier Park Lodge mailroom. We discussed details of the initial evening gathering, on Wednesday, July 17.

Ian was in charge of Glacier Park, Inc.'s mail. To visit his mailroom was an adventure. It was a very compact, very busy place. Ian was most cordial and we had a delightful conversation, but we kept it short as I realized Ian was – as usual – a very busy man.

Because we had filled almost all the sleeping rooms for the 2013 reunion at Glacier Park Lodge, Glacier Park, Inc. agreed to let us use the magnificent lobby for our evening events.

Our July 17 program was jam-packed. We started with a remembrance of those Glacier Park em-

ployees lost in tragedies through the years. Then Ginny Mouw – a 1940 Glacier Park Hotel employee – followed with her delightful recollections of several summers in Glacier Park. Next came Ian Tippet.

My mistake was to have too much planned for one evening. Ian was to be followed by a musical presentation by the wonderful Jack Gladstone, troubadour/storyteller from Blackfeet Nation. He was to be accompanied by Glacier Park, Inc.'s great pianist and entertainer Mike Rihner.

Our event co-coordinator Joe Blair (GPL '66-'67 and '72) was to introduce Ian Tippet. My suggestion to Joe was: “Keep it as short as you can ... and remind Ian to please keep it to a few remarks!”

Joe did his part perfectly. He said to the audience: “What do you say when you're asked to introduce Ian Tippet, except: ‘Here's Ian Tippet!’”

Ian moved to the podium and pulled notes from his pocket and started his delightful presentation. Fifteen minutes later I realized Ian was just getting rolling. At thirty minutes I became alarmed because our musical performers were going to have to shorten their program.

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I learned that that summer – 2014 – would be his last in Glacier Park.

How do you approach a legend and tell him we're out of time? Finally I had to do the unimaginable – I had to ask Ian Tippet to wrap up his presentation.

All I could think to do was walk up to the podium, put my arm on Ian's shoulder and say: "Ian, we love you, and we could listen to you for a lot longer. Unfortunately, we have musicians waiting to perform."

Ian gave a rather startled look, but quickly wrapped up his talk.

Early the next morning I found Ian having breakfast in the employee cafeteria. I apologized profusely for having had to cut his talk short and explained our challenges with the music that followed his talk. We simply had planned too much program.

Barbara and I returned to Glacier Park Lodge in the summer of 2014 along with our daughter, her husband, and two grandsons. I again visited Ian in his mailroom with the explicit purpose of encouraging him to attend the Many Glacier Hotel centennial reunion to be held the summer of 2015.

I learned that that summer – 2014 – would be his last in Glacier Park. He was confident that he would find hotel employment in London, England, most likely at the prestigious Grosvenor House. I told him that if he did that, at least we would know where to find him to bring him to Many for the centennial. Alas, it was not to be.

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A Hair-Raising Run for Mr. T

By Jerry Alger (Glacier Park Lodge 1967)

Ian Tippet was well-known for his exceptionally high expectations at Many Glacier. He also knew how to express appreciation.

In 1967, I was employed at Glacier Park Lodge as a supply truck driver. Late one afternoon, I had just returned from my daily round-trip drive to Lake McDonald Lodge. O.A. Gamble, Glacier Park, Inc.'s Transportation Director, came rushing out of his office. He said that Mr. Tippet had just called and reported that all the lettuce for that night's dinner at Many Glacier was unusable. He wanted fresh lettuce sent up right away.

Mr. Tippet was not to be denied, so I quickly loaded the truck and started for Many Glacier. Mr. Gamble strongly urged me to drive as fast as I could. I took him at his word, literally putting "pedal to the metal" in that old truck.

My precious cargo almost did not make it. I pushed the truck to its limits as I headed north from East Glacier up the narrow, winding, two-lane road past Two Medicine. Speeding around one curve, I suddenly came face to face (almost bumper to bumper) with two empty 'Jammers, one in each lane, racing

each other back to East Glacier. All of us swerved and did what we could to avoid a collision without ending up in the ditch or off the cliff – proving that three vehicles are able to pass side-by-side on a two lane road!

When I arrived at Many Glacier, Mr. Tippet was waiting for me. He was so pleased with the delivery that he repeatedly thanked me and then offered me dinner, which I gratefully accepted. But this was not a dinner in the employee cafeteria. It was a full steak dinner in the Many Glacier dining room – the best dinner I had all summer! Thank you, Mr. Tippet!

Mr. Tippet was not to be denied[!]

Mr. Tippet and the Music at Many Glacier

By John-Charles Kelly, (*Many Glacier 1967-68*)

A lengthy train ride from Portland, Oregon to East Glacier Park, Montana began the journey of my first summer employment at Many Glacier Hotel. Of course I couldn't take off my new tie or my scratchy new shirt. What if someone saw me? I probably caught a bus, a jammer, to Many. I don't remember going inside the Glacier Park Lodge, but the grounds with the teepees were impressive.

Arriving at Many Glacier, I was awed by the incredible scenery. I still believe it is the most beautiful spot in the United States; and that impression exists from 57 years ago!

We knew Many took pride in hiring musical college students to produce all the music events at the hotel, but I hadn't realized the quality and quantity of the students! There was a program of music every night at the hotel, from the Sunday night concerts, the Monday night "Hootenannies," the Broadway musicals produced downstairs in the St. Moritz Room, the Thursday Night Serenades, well, you get the idea.

These musical students were from everywhere in the mainland United States; I don't remember anyone

from Alaska, Hawaii or Puerto Rico, but what a wonderful, diverse group we were. Several of us went on to professional careers in music or theater. Mark Jacoby (at one time, the "Longest Running 'Phantom' on Broadway"), Gary Miller (recently retired as Musical Director and Conductor of the New York City Gay Men's Chorus), and I have had long performance careers in New York City. I don't remember any personality conflicts or ego problems of any kind. This is not what I came to expect in my later professional life.

What I didn't realize was that Mr. Tippet was the driving force behind all this music. He put together all these shows and hired the students to produce them. He selected the musicals to produce and arranged to pay the clearing rights for them.

THE FANTASTICKS has been done at Many Glacier *three* times. Twice (in 1971 and 1980) it was the hotel's official production. In 1967, Barbara Davis got Mr. Tippet's permission (and financial support, no doubt) for employees independently to organize and produce it in the St. Moritz Room. This was in addition to HOW TO SUCCEED IN BUSINESS WITHOUT REALLY

TRYING, that summer's official show. Both shows were a great success. We were allowed to take THE FANTASTICKS on the road for productions at Glacier Park Lodge, Lake McDonald Lodge and even the Prince of Wales Hotel in Canada! (On my resume, THE FANTASTICKS is listed under "International Tours" because of that event!)

I owe SO much to Mr. Tippet, even my name. He always introduced me as "John Charles Kelly", probably thinking it sounded British! IT IS! Later, when I joined the Screen Actors' Guild, I was told I couldn't use the name "John Kelly" as there were five in the Union already, with different spellings! I then borrowed the hyphen from a former employer, Ann-Margret, so people would call me "John-Charles" – not just "John" as there were, and are, so many. Mr. Tippet always encouraged me, and allowed me, to do my Serenades in the Lobby in whatever manner I wanted, rather successfully, I think.

Whatever success I have had in my chosen profession, I owe to Mr. Tippet, Peter Marroney and Irene Comer at the University of Arizona, Gyllian Lynne for CATS in Vienna, and my husband, Charles Abbott, for almost forty years of musical shows.

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Tippet's Decision Changed Our Lives

By Peter Huisking (*Many Glacier 1968, Glacier Park Lodge 1969-70*)

"I'm sorry, Peter, but you're going to be working at Glacier Park Lodge. Thank you for stopping by."

In early June 1969 I had an audience with Mr. Tippet at his office in Many Glacier Hotel. I had hitchhiked from East Glacier to speak with him about my job for that summer. His words put an end to what I thought was a win-win plan to change my job assignment.

I walked out of his office and down the hall to the hotel lobby trying to think how I could have made a more convincing argument. But I faced the more immediate challenge of hitchhiking back to East Glacier so I could begin the summer job I really did not want. I walked across the bridge over Swiftcurrent Falls with my hand-lettered "Glacier Park employee" hitchhiking sign. I planted myself by the side of the road hoping for a ride, sad that I might not see this great valley again.

Youth is resilient and mountains become speed bumps on life's road. I got a ride and headed back to East Glacier. I figured, "That's that, and let's get on with it." I had given it a good shot.

I had spent the previous summer of 1968 as a pot washer and then as an assistant cook in the Many Glacier kitchen. It had been a fabulous experience for a college freshman from southern California. It was a complete change of environment from the roiling events of that year – the Vietnam War, the assassinations of MLK and RFK, and chaos in cities across the country.

When I signed the contract to wash pots, I had no clue that Many Glacier was known for its talented singers and stage-savvy employees. I had none of those skills, but pot washers are always

needed, regardless of talent. So to Many Glacier Hotel I went in June 1968.

In early 1969, I reapplied for a job the following summer. I was excited to learn that I had scored the waiter's job that I requested (more money for the college fund, and self-imagined status!). But the contract indicated "Glacier Park Lodge," not Many Glacier Hotel. Mr. Tippet's florid signature made it official. I thought that was probably the best that I could do and I would deal with it.

When I arrived at East that June of 1969, I didn't want to start off on a bad foot. However, when I talked to Cherie, the dining room manager, it came up that I had worked at Many Glacier the previous summer and really wanted to be there. Cherie said that this was interesting, because a waitress at Many Glacier (whose name I've long forgotten) was a singer/guitarist who had worked at Glacier Park Lodge the previous summer. She was now assigned to Many Glacier, but wanted to work at GPL. Cherie said that maybe we could work something out.

and had "cred" with Mr. Tippet, I was sure that it would work.

In the meantime, Cherie told me that my trainer for waiting tables was a waitress named Henrietta ("Hank") who had worked at East for two summers. The training was a blur. I paid little attention, because I was focused on how to get up to Many Glacier the next day to close the deal to switch jobs.

My audience with Mr. Tippet was brief. He had no particular sympathy. He acknowledged that our plan was sensible, but said that the singing waitress "has a talent and you do not." I was not offended. It was true enough, and off I went down the road.

Hank the waitress trained me well at Glacier Park Lodge and I had a great summer there. Three years later we were married in Tucson, Arizona, in June 1972. Then off we went to a life in the Army.

We have been back to Glacier to hike and backpack many times during the past ten years. We were fortunate enough to stop by East Glacier and visit Mr. Tippet. We thanked him for a

He acknowledged that our plan was sensible, but said that the singing waitress "has a talent and you do not." I was not offended. It was true enough, and off I went down the road.

Wow! What a good and simple fix. I called Many Glacier and got through to the waitress. We talked and agreed that we could swap jobs and everyone would be happy. Since I had worked at Many Glacier the previous summer

decision that changed two lives and became the foundation for three children, six grandchildren, and a wonderful life together. That five minute conversation in 1969 slammed a door shut but opened up a new world. We are ever grateful to him.

Hank the waitress trained me well at Glacier Park Lodge and I had a great summer there. Three years later we were married.

The 1970's

Cliff Notes on Mr. Tippet

By Cliff Reykdal (*Many Glacier 1970-73*)

Two days after graduating from high school, I was standing with my parents on a platform at the St. Paul Union station waiting to board the Empire Builder. This was the start of my journey to Glacier National Park to work at the Many Glacier Hotel. I was one of a small group of students who were to come on June 1st to prepare the hotel for its opening. This would be my first of four summers working for Mr. Ian B. Tippet at Many Glacier.

Wilson. We would need to work hard for the next two weeks to clean the hotel for the June 15th opening.

Mrs. Wilson was a petite woman with a strong Southern accent. She had high expectations, but she was a pleasure to work for and became our Glacier Mother by the end of the season. She also gave us our first Mr. Tippet tip. If we finished our work early, the two housemen were to exit from the south doors of the Annex and walk up the curved road, through the parking lot to the upper dormitory. We were advised not to enter the lobby prior to the end

The Ptarmigan Room often had a wait list for dining guests. Mr. Tippet, who seemed to work 24 hours a day and appear from nowhere, would often come down and ask, "Clifford [he was one of the few people who always called me Clifford], would you like help with the wait list?" This would free the hostess and me to clear and set tables.

One evening we were slammed with all tables full and a long wait list. A woman approached Mr. Tippet and told him she had been waiting a long time and that she needed to eat, as she was diabetic. In typical Tippet

We can hear him in the Lucerne Room during his yearly orientation as he stood behind the podium announcing, "My name is Ian B. Tippet."

We arrived at the hotel the following day on a jammer from East Glacier and entered the hotel lobby. The lobby was dark, the furniture covered with bed linens and pushed to the center of the room. A tall, thin man approached us and announced that he was Ian B. Tippet.

Mr. Tippet called us each by name. In those days you were required to include a recent photo of yourself with your application. He had a legal pad with notes and immediately started a brief orientation for our small group.

He instructed us about meals, informed us of our dormitory assignments, and said linens would be provided to make our beds. He also gave us our individual work assignments. I was to be one of two housemen working in the Annex for Mrs. Mae Wilson, the wife of Chef Avin B.

of our shift. Mrs. Wilson said that if Mr. Tippet were to see us, he'd put us to work in the "Main" building.

After a successful second year as a server in the Ptarmigan Dining Room, I was ready to return for my third summer. Knowing that the Dining Room Manager, Charlie Hubbard, was not returning, I sent Mr. Tippet a long letter detailing why this 19-year-old wanted the job. Weeks later I received the normal two-page, hand typed letter from Mr. Tippet informing me that I would be the D.R. Manager for the 1972 summer season. He included a lengthy paragraph detailing that "it is not my normal practice to have such a young person manage the dining room operations."

My last two summers as Dining Room Manager allowed me to get to know Mr. Tippet. The following are a few Tippet tidbits.

in fashion, he told her that we were very busy, that she should have a seat, and that we would call her as soon as a table was available. Mr. Tippet then turned to me and said he would like to have her seated at the next available table. This would allow her to skip ahead of those ahead of her on the list. To help pacify others in the queue he picked up the microphone and announced, "Mrs. Smith, the diabetic, your table is ready – Mrs. Smith, the diabetic!" Heads in the Interlochen Lounge turned as Mrs. Smith was shown to her table.

A benefit of being the DR Manager was having dessert with the hostess in one of the stations toward the end of service, especially if it was Baker Fred Russell's German chocolate cake. Mr. Tippet would occasionally join us for dessert. One evening, the two of us were ready to order when he turned

to me and said, "Clifford, I am having a drink this evening. Would you join me?" Of course, I said yes and told him I would have whatever he was ordering. Little did I know that one of Mr. Tippet's favorite drinks was the Vodka Gimlet. A gimlet consists of vodka and lime juice served over ice. It was nothing like the sweet and sugary Singapore Slings I was accustomed to drinking. I sipped it slowly but did finish this strong drink, to Mr. Tippet's pleasure. He repeated this drink order throughout the summer; the gimlet soon became my go-to drink.

During the summer, Glacier Park Incorporated's management staff would visit Many Glacier for dinner and lodging. One evening, GPI's General Manager Al Donau and his wife Frankie came to celebrate their anniversary and attend the Broadway musical. As customary, the wait staff sang to the Donaus when we presented them their desserts. A little later, Mr. Tippet stopped by and asked if Al and Frankie had enjoyed the cake that he had Baker Russell prepare for their anniversary. By the look on my face and on that of Ann Littlefield, the hostess, he could tell that we had not presented the anniversary cake. We apologized as he turned and stomped away down the Long Hall to his office.

From time to time I would stop into Mr. Tippet's office to ask a question. Our discussions were always to the point, with no small talk. He would normally tip his head down, look over his glasses and answer my questions. He normally ended with a request, such as "tell Mr. Paulus he needs to cut his hair."

Mr. Tippet celebrated his birthday on July 28, so one summer the D.R. staff decided to wish him a happy birthday. We took a tray with tea and rolls and stood outside his hotel room at 6:50 a.m., singing happy birthday. Mr. Tippet opened the door wearing a t-shirt and boxer shorts. We were quite surprised, and he was rather embarrassed. He reminded us that guests were sleeping, and said that we needed to quiet down. We did not repeat this awkward celebration the following year.

One day Mr. Tippet was in a particularly good mood, as the composer, conductor and pianist Leonard Bernstein was registered to stay at the hotel. Mr. Tippet stopped at the Ptarmigan Room during lunch to ask that a table be held for Mr. Bernstein at dinner. Early in the afternoon, a short, stocky bald man approached the front desk clerk and said that he was Leonard Bernstein. The surprised clerk looked at him and said that they had expected the real Leonard Bern-

had lunch at Many Glacier (including my bussing tables due to short dining room staffing!). On the third trip, we stayed at Glacier Park Lodge, and then set off for the Prince of Wales Hotel. It was early in the summer and Many Glacier was not yet open for business.

As our bus neared Babb, I convinced the driver to take us up to Many and show the group the Showplace of the Rockies. Upon arriving, I entered the lobby to be greeted by a booming voice informing me that the hotel was not open to visitors. When Mr. Tippet saw me, I informed him that I had a tour group and would love to show them around. He was not pleased, saying that people were busy working and that the hotel was not ready for visitors.

After a few more pleas, he allowed the group to in the see the lobby, the dining room and to take a quick stop on the lake deck to take a few pictures. He accompanied us, trying to keep us moving, encouraging us not to be late for our lunch at the Prince. He escorted us out and said quick bye-bye as we boarded the bus. I am sure he walked back to the hotel saying, "what was Clifford thinking?"

Those of us who knew Mr. Tippet will not forget his typical phrases, British accent, long drawn-out words, and dedication to GPI and MGH.

Those of us who knew Mr. Tippet will not forget his typical phrases, British accent, long drawn-out words, and dedication to GPI and MGH.

I do not remember (or maybe have blocked from my memory) how we forgot the cake. Ann and I decided we would ask a maid to open the Donaus' suite while they attended the musical. We placed the cake and necessary utensils on a table. We left a note saying that they could enjoy a midnight snack compliments of Mr. Tippet.

stein. The man replied, "I *am* a real Leonard Bernstein, but not the one you were expecting." Mr. Tippet was quickly informed, and all the special considerations were cancelled.

After college I taught school for five years. During the summers I had the pleasure of working as a Cartan Travel tour escort. On two trips, our group

We can hear him in the Lucerne Room during his yearly orientation as he stood behind the podium announcing, "My name is Ian B. Tippet." Mr. Tippet helped me to mature and learn so much over those precious four summers. Oh, to share one more vodka gimlet with that wonderful man!

Ready for the Beach!

By Tessie Bundick (*Many Glacier 1972-73, 76-80*)

One of the “side” duties in the Many Glacier Hotel dining room, in the 1970’s, was called “doing toast.” That particular job consisted of sitting (or standing) in front of an antique kitchen appliance and feeding bread onto shelves that rotated, eventually exposing themselves to a heating element that browned the slices which (hopefully) came out ready for the hungry guests’ breakfast repast. There was no association with anyone but kitchen personnel and the waitpersons whipping in and out, so there was no need to don the “Heidi” working uniforms the waitresses wore.

Now the kitchen was very warm, and it was even more tropical near that giant toaster. Being rather hot natured, I decided to dress how I felt was appropriate on the morning that it was my turn to fulfill this obligation. So I showed up in cutoffs, flip flops and my favorite halter top (it WAS the early seventies).

He did not seem to especially relish direct confrontation, but he let his disapproval be known.

I thought it was kind of a fun, basket weaving type occupation and I was thoroughly enjoying myself when who should appear, flying through the swinging doors, but Mr. Tippet, our beloved manager. Now, here was a British gentleman, trained in the best hotel schools in Europe, who felt that employees should always act and dress impeccably whether in front of the guests or off duty. He did not seem to especially relish direct confronta-

tion, but he let his disapproval be known. As he cruised by my rather casual appearance, he dryly observed, “Ready for the beach, dear?” And then, he was gone.

Well, the message sank into even my dense American college student brain and the next time I “did toast”, I had attired myself in full length jeans and a T shirt. Not much of an improvement, but at least, I was modestly covered.

Well, the message sank into even my dense American college student brain and the next time I “did toast”, I had attired myself in full length jeans and a T shirt. Not much of an improvement, but at least, I was modestly covered.

A Photographic Memory

By Roger Wolfshorndl (*Swiftcurrent 1970*)

Way back in 1970 Monty Gossett and I applied and were accepted to work at Swiftcurrent beginning that summer. We had filled out our applications and sent in color photographs of both of us. As the days counted down, we graduated from Chowchilla High School and hit the road and headed to Montana! Ron Scott was Monty’s brother and

he got us to Swiftcurrent to begin our adventure in Glacier.

The day after we got there we walked down to Many Glacier and looked for Mr. Tippet. As soon as

he saw us he identified both of us by name, and he knew that we were from California. He had never met us, but he obviously had a photographic memory because he knew us from the pictures we had sent in.

As soon as he saw us he identified both of us by name, and he knew that we were from California.

Ian B. Tippet and the Gougeon Family:

Ian's older sister, Vivienne Holliday, summed up his life and career in a letter to us. She said: "Ian lived for his work and put his heart and soul into training young people to enjoy what they did and so do a good job!"

By Bernard Gougeon (Many Glacier, 1970)

In 1948, my aunt Anne-Marie (my father's sister, now 92 years old), was on vacation with her English pen pal in Clovelly, a lovely little village near Bristol. There she met Ian B. Tippet for the first time – a young Englishman who was doing an internship at The New Inn, a hotel and restaurant opposite her pen pal's house.

In the 1950s, at the invitation of my aunt and her husband, Ian discovered Epernay, a town located in the heart of the Champagne vineyards where my family lived. It was on this occasion that the paths of my father André Gougeon, who was then starting his professional career at Moët & Chandon, and of Ian B. Tippet crossed.

Ian was discovering a region of France, Champagne, and my father was delighted to reveal to him the champagne business, the workings of Moët & Chandon and the subtleties of champagne making. There is nothing like a shared passion to weave a friendship! I was too young at the time to remember, but I guess my father was delighted to pilot Ian and show him a Champagne of which he himself knew all the secrets.

So Ian has been a friend of our family for a long time. And despite the years that passed, my father and Ian always kept a special relationship, with meetings and regular correspondence.

When Ian traveled from America back to England to spend the holiday season with his family, he would stop in France and spend a few days in Paris. He would stay at the Hilton Suffren, located at the foot of the Eiffel Tower, where he felt at home. It was a beautiful place to admire the Parisian illuminations during the holiday season. Ian then would take a little detour to Epernay, my parents' place.

During Ian's stays there, a mix of French and English vocabulary awakened minds and sharpened curiosity. Ian was very fond of flowers, and my mother also spent a lot of time in her garden. How did they approach this subject? With what words did they talk about it? Mystery. Champagne bubbles often helped them, I think, to understand each other!

One of the highlights of these stays in France was when my parents took Ian to my grandparents' home. They welcomed him with affection in their pretty house located in the heart of the vineyard. Ian had friendly thoughts of them all his life.

For my sister Brigitte and me, the Christmas seasons of our childhood were always marked by gift packages from Arizona or England. Ian never forgot the Christmas season, and he always had a thought for us.

The list of gifts he gave us at that time would be too long and I would

forget some. But I have in my memory a huge box of Lego bricks, a brand then unknown in France, with which I built my first stories. And I still have, preciously stored in its box, a View-Master stereoscopic camera with three-dimensional pictures ("Hunters of the Plains", "Montana the Treasure State", etc.) that I must have watched hundreds of times as a child.

At a time when the internet did not exist, the View-Master was a subtle way that Ian found to help us discover the landscapes of Montana, its Indian tribes, and all the riches of his adopted country. But to know a country well, isn't it better to go there? So it was in 1970 that my sister and I (at the age of 18) accepted Ian's invitation to work at Many Glacier Hotel for the summer season.

The stay at Many Glacier, surrounded by warm and friendly students, in the magnificent landscape of Glacier National Park, was a cultural shock for us. It was an opening on a world that we did not know. It yielded many memories that we do not forget. But that is another story ...

Ian's older sister, Vivienne Holliday, summed up his life and career in a letter to us. She said: "Ian lived for his work and put his heart and soul into training young people to enjoy what they did and so do a good job!"

A “Rare!” Steak

By Jim Lees (Many Glacier 1970-71, 73)

During the summer of 1973, I was working as a waiter in the Ptarmigan Dining Room at Many Glacier Hotel. This was my third summer working there. I had started in the summer of 1970 as a busboy and then returned as a waiter for the summer of 1971. In 1973, I was in the middle of graduate school so I thought another summer at MGH would be great.

The following incident took place one evening in late July, when the dining room was really busy, and we had our usual waiting list. I was stationed in station 14 which was on the mountain side of the dining room. I had four tables – two four-tops and two two-tops.

About halfway through our serving hours, a gentleman was seated by himself at one of the two-tops in my section. Before I even went to his table, I could tell that he was not in the best of moods. This would be one of those situations where you try to serve dinner with as little interaction as possible.

When I went to his table to take his order, he said he that wanted the New York strip steak and that he wanted it done “very rare.” I told him that I would relay his request to the cooks.

When his meal was cooked, I served it to him along with his coffee and bread. His steak indeed had been cooked “very rare.” When he first cut into it, I was surprised to be told in an irate tone, “By my standards, this steak is not even close to being

cooked rare, so take it back to the kitchen and bring me another one!” I picked up his plate and took it back to the kitchen.

I told the cooks of his complaint and asked if they could possibly cook a steak that was even more rare. They told me that they would try but that it would be on the verge of being just raw meat. I told them to do the best they could.

When the second steak was done, there was red juice running all over the dinner plate and into the mixed vegetables. I took this dinner out to him and served him. When I put the plate down on the table, he glared at me without even cutting into the steak and said, in a loud voice, “This steak is not cooked rare – take it back to the kitchen!” By this time, he was fuming – so, once again, I took the steak back to the kitchen.

I went to Chef Avin B. Wilson and explained the situation to him. He said, “I will give him a rare steak that he won’t forget – follow me!” Chef Wilson went to the freezer and got a steak that was completely frozen. He said, “Serve this to your customer and tell him it is with my compliments!” He also said, “I will be watching you out of the kitchen door to see his response.”

I went back to the table and served the man his dinner with Chef Wil-

son’s compliments. When he saw that the steak was still frozen, he went belligerent and demanded to see the hotel manager. By this time, Chef Wilson was already at the table. The three of us went to see Mr. Tippet who was in his customary post at the entrance to the dining room.

Mr. Tippet let the man rant for a bit about the quality of food and service. Then he cut him off and asked Chef Wilson and me for our versions of the story. After hearing us, Mr. Tippet looked over his glasses at the customer and said, “Since we can’t please you here, I suggest you go to the nearest restaurant in the town of Babb which is twelve miles down the road, thank you!” The customer started to say something else. Mr. Tippet cut him off and said, very firmly, “It is time for you to go down the road!”

The customer stomped off through the lounge. Chef Wilson said to Mr. Tippet, “I have seen some real characters in my years in the restaurant business, but this guy was something else.” Mr. Tippet laughed and said, “He won’t be back here again.” Then, without skipping a beat, he leaned over the microphone on the dining room stand and said, “Swenson, party of four, your table is ready.” From there on, the evening was more of a typical one in the Ptarmigan Room.

Mr. Tippet laughed and said, “He won’t be back here again.” Then, without skipping a beat, he leaned over the microphone on the dining room stand and said, “Swenson, party of four, your table is ready.”

Mr. Tippet and the Olympics

By Beth Beckelhymer Hattox (*Many Glacier 1974*)

In the spring of my senior year at Baylor, my roommate, Pam Thornton, and I were lucky enough to receive letters from a Mr. Ian Tippet offering us employment at Many Glacier for the summer of 1974. Pam and I graduated and soon packed up for our great adventure. We had heard of Mr. Tippet through Melinda Bourne, a fellow Baylor Bear, who had worked at Many previously. Melinda's only piece of advice was to avoid any activities at Many that might cause Mr. Tippet to say "down the road," meaning "You don't work here any longer." With Melinda's advice in mind, I felt cautious around Mr. T, never wanting to trigger a down the road message. In fact, I avoided him as much as possible.

However, I found I did need to approach him with an idea, and I was certain he would veto it. Alan Robertson, a tall, dark haired fellow from Knoxville, and I were chatting one rainy day and came up with the idea of the Many Glacier Olympics, which we titled "Many Glacier Oleolympics—You Butter Come." For anyone too young to be acquainted with oleo, it was a butter substitute, probably teeming with trans fats. Coming up with Olympic activities like a race to South America and the bellman luggage race was easy. The hard part was asking Mr. T for his approval. After all, I had tried to remain as invisible as possible around him, and now I needed to talk with him face to face.

Not only did we have to ask for his OK on the Olympics, Alan and I also asked Mr. T to star in our

grandiose idea to launch the Olympics. We beseeched Mr. T to act as Olympic torch bearer and run along the lake shore sporting a fistful of glowing sparklers. I braced myself for his refusal and the possibility of being sent down the road.

Instead, he smiled and agreed not only to the Many Glacier Olympics but also to bear the torch (i.e., sparklers). Alan and I breathed a sigh of relief, or perhaps only I did. We scheduled the opening ceremonies for the next week.

We had sparklers and matches, ready for Mr. T to appear. He arrived promptly, we lit the sparklers, and his solo race began. Mr. T had turned 43 that summer, but to me he seemed much older, and I could not imagine that he would be able to run full tilt. I was wrong. Our imaginary starting pistol said bang, and off he shot,

glowing sparklers in hand.

I have seen many UIL track events, attended the international Olympics, and watched the ponies run in Kentucky. I have never, ever, seen anyone run quite like Ian B. Tippet did. His long legs appeared to pound to a different tempo than his arms. His head seemed to run ahead of his outstretched neck. His loping gait was—unusual. But it all worked together amazing well. Despite the seeming lack of synchrony, he covered the Swiftcurrent shoreline incredibly quickly, smiling all the way. Our small crowd of employees cheered; we were impressed with his bon homie and his Olympian skill. He launched the Many Glacier Olympics with great spirit and style. I stepped out of my invisibility only long enough to thank him and to let him know we could not have imagined a more enthusiastic and fitting start.

[H]e smiled and agreed not only to the Many Glacier Olympics but also to bear the torch. . . . I have never, ever, seen anyone run quite like Ian B. Tippet did.

Tug-of-war and telephone booth stuffing events from the Many Glacier Olympics.



(Photo courtesy of Rolf Larson.)

“Food Fight!”

By Rolf Larson (*Many Glacier 1975, 1977-80*)

Life in Ian Tippet’s World

Ian Tippet was telepathic in putting together talented staffs at all of Glacier Park’s lodges. He could sense a strong work ethic, creative talents, an honest spirit, and endless energy (including a strong sense for creative mischief!).

There were many sides to Ian Tippet’s management style – the discipline, the endless energy, the knack of knowing everything that was going on with his creative staff, and most importantly, when to intervene and when to keep a low profile. There were also occasional times when we surprised him. The story that follows was not one of those ‘surprise’ occasions.

Prologue

In 1977, I was manager of the St. Moritz Counter Operation (the downstairs snack bar). In late August, all of my employees departed because of early contract dates or breaking contract. I was left to run the snack bar alone.

Mr. Tippet suggested that we close down early for the season. I suggested an alternative plan: operate with off-duty employees from other departments, working as volunteers. They would work for free food and for their share of the tips at the end of each shift!

In preparation for my pitch to Mr. Tippet, I floated the idea among employees. I stressed the prospect of free food, especially ice cream products. When I went into Mr. Tippet’s office to pitch my proposal, I had a list of more than a dozen employee volunteers. He gave the plan a chance!

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The Snack Bar’s Second Season

With two weeks remaining in the season, I was responsible for recruiting, scheduling and training new staff, as well as all managerial duties. We were open seven days a week. In the morning, I would find one person to work with me. In the evening, I would schedule two assistants.

I especially remember how enthusiastic trainees were at learning the intricacies and quirks of our ancient shake machines. All volunteers practiced the fine arts of achieving the perfect milkshake before each evening shift!

Split Shift Scrambles

The bad news was that I worked every shift. The silver lining was that I had an almost eight-hour break between morning and evening shifts every day! It’s amazing what you can accomplish in that time with a little initiative.

Every day with good weather, I got out to hike or climb. One day, Tim Beckwith and I clambered up Mount Allen. When we reached the top, I realized that we were running late for our return trip and my evening shift in the snack bar.

We decided to go down the west slope, a direct route with loose rock broken by cliff bands and some mean patches of alder bushes.

At the bottom of one cliff, we surprised a male bighorn sheep. He didn’t run away. Neither did we. I talked softly to him until he wandered off.

We continued to crash through underbrush until we reached the horse trail. I took off, running the trail back to the hotel. I got to the snack bar with about five minutes to spare. I was a muddy mess! After hosing down my boots and the lower section of my jeans, we opened up.

Thinking that I might have avoided attention, I suddenly found myself staring up at Mr. Tippet. “Busted!” Ian asked me if this was my normal working attire. I mumbled something about being sorry and promising that it wouldn’t happen again. He answered, “That would be very good.”

Two days later I spent my free afternoon going up Iceberg Notch (again with Tim). I made sure that I had clean pants, shoes and socks awaiting me in the snack bar’s back room. I also had better time management, and got back well in advance of the evening shift.

The New Staff

New staff came largely from Housekeeping (housemen and maids), bellmen, and the Kitchen. The main qualification was that they were off-duty from their day jobs. Volunteers rose to the opportunity and were quick to pick up on the quirks of all of the operation’s ancient equipment. Everything worked smoothly until the closing night ...

The Final Night Shift

As the end of the season approached, word got around that we would present a traditional event – an end-

Thinking that I might have avoided attention, I suddenly found myself staring up at Mr. Tippet.

“Busted!”

of-the-final-evening food fight (disposing of items like half-used condiments and sundae toppings that couldn't be preserved).

We closed the counter window for the last time. Chairs were set up in rows, far enough back for an audience to be safe from most sprays and projectiles. As always, we drew a large audience of both employees and late season guests.

I got all the participants together to review the rules one last time: (1) if anyone wanted anything to eat from the St. Moritz food stores, they'd better grab it now!; (2) the fight must stay within the confines of the snack bar (for the most part, this rule was observed); (3) the fight would end when there was no more food to weaponize (I tried to keep stock down before the shift); (4) nobody would leave afterward until EVERYTHING was cleaned up.

What I didn't notice was that an extra dozen "helpers" had crept into the back room with plenty of garbage bags to be worn like suits of medieval armor. Everybody got one ... except me.

When my remarks concluded, the snack bar window was opened to a roar from the expectant crowd. I was summarily executed by the crew and back room reinforcements. When they could no longer identify me under the layers of toppings and condiments, they wasted no time going after each other.

I have no idea how long the fight went on. I only remember wishing that I had thought to bring goggles.

Afterwards, true to their word, everyone stayed until most everything was cleaned up. The only thing we missed was a single squirt of ketchup that had found its way to the 15-foot ceiling above the serving area.

Epilogue

The final morning shift was quiet. My co-worker for that shift was a maid, Kathy Thompson (by now a veteran crew member, having helped out for several shifts). While I was away on a small errand at our store room on Stagger Alley, Mr. Tippet showed up.

I got back just in time to hear Kathy responding to Mr. Tippet's inquiry about the stream of ketchup on the 15-foot ceiling. She mumble something about missing a hot dog with the ketchup.

After giving both of us a characteristic quiet stare, he suggested that we try to clean it up. We did.

During the years I managed the St. Moritz Counter Operation, it was tradition to have a shift for all alumni (with side benefits). Pictured for that year's 'event' were John Hagen, Rolf Larson, John Sauer, and Greg Hagen.



(Photos courtesy of Rolf Larson.)



I have no idea how long the fight went on. I only remember wishing that I had thought to bring goggles.



(Photos courtesy of Laura Chihara, Vivienne Holliday and Paul Meierding.)

*"Ian lived for his work and
into training young people
did and so do
– Vivienne Holliday,*

THE INSIDE TRAIL

Voice of the Glacier Park Foundation

Special MUSIC at MA



Inside:

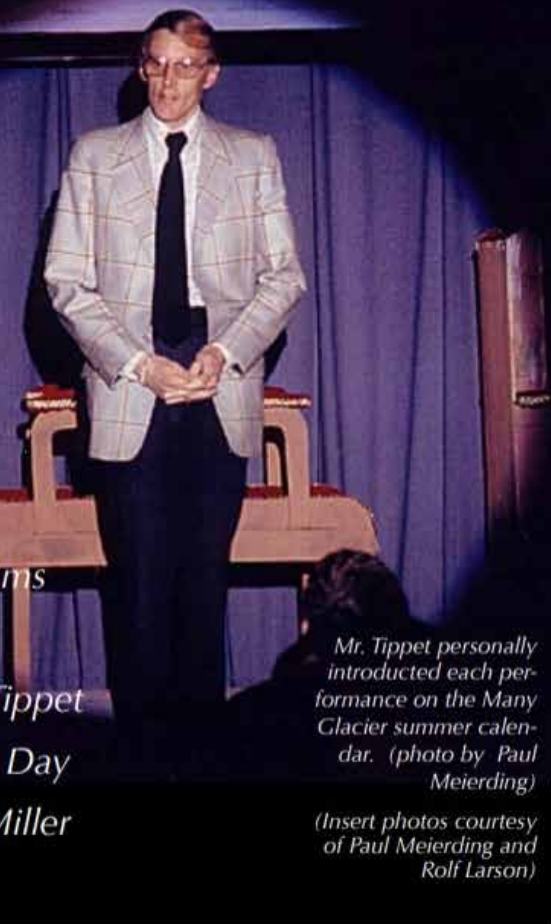
- *HOOTENNANIES* by Sean Willtra
- *SERENADES* by John Hagen
- *BROADWAY MUSICALS* by Ian T
- *TALES OF THE COMBO* by Don
- *THE DIXIELAND BAND* by Joe M
- *REHEARSALS* by Tessie Bundick

and put his heart and soul
people to enjoy what they
to a good job!"

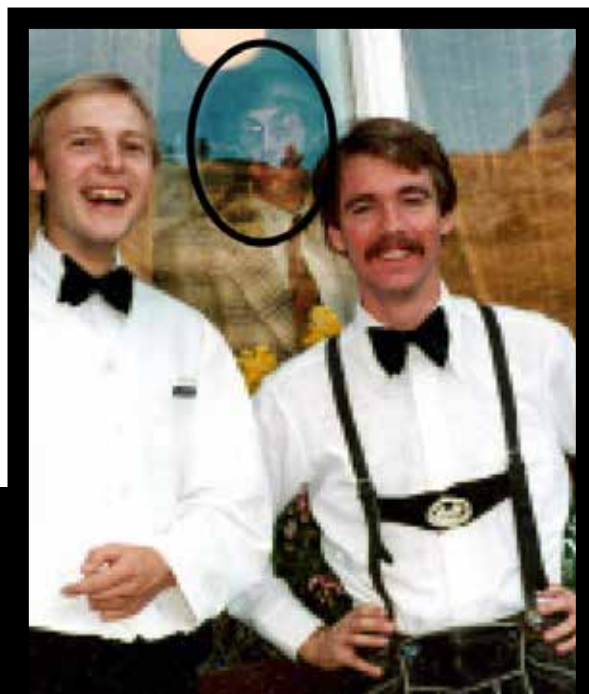
Ian's older sister



Issue:
ANY GLACIER



*Even Mr. Tippet was once a youngster!
Left to Right: Ian Tippet and Sir Anthony
Tippet, Admiral of the Royal Navy.*



*All we could do was assume
that Mr. Tippet was always 'just
around the corner'.*

Cold-Calling Mr. T

By Brad Brainard (Glacier Park Lodge 1975-77)

It was 1974. Gary Briggie, a tenor-singing senior sensation at St. Olaf College, was playing the role of Jesus in the campus musical *Godspell*. I, an incoming freshman, was making a cameo appearance on a different stage as Voltimand (one of Shakespeare's least memorable bit characters) in *Hamlet*.

Somehow, during rehearsal breaks, Gary and I met and he told me of the glorious summer he had just spent at Many Glacier Hotel. He would never brag, but I'm sure he wowed the crowds in the St. Moritz Room. He was sure I'd have a great time at Glacier, so he called Mr. Tippet to put in a plug for me. I followed up a couple days later.

Feeling like an intrusive telemarketer, I cold-called Mr. Tippet on a Monday morning and introduced myself. He recalled Gary's recommendation, and after we chatted a bit, he asked what my performing specialty was since St. Olaf had a rich fine arts tradition. I was a chemistry major and a fraudulent thespian, so my conscience grappled with the response. I said, "Mr. Tippet, I'm tone deaf, can't really play an instrument, and my acting skills are limited."

Remember, this was all pre-Milli Vanilli. There was a brief pause, and he replied dryly, "You seem like a very nice young man. We could use you at Glacier Park Lodge. Please arrive May 29th and we'll get started."

Boom, I had the dream summer job,

starting as a busboy and moving to waiter by season's end. I returned for the next two summers as well. The dining room schedule allowed me to leave after breakfast, spend two nights in the park, and then return to work the dinner shift on the third day.

Dan Spencer (a Swiftcurrent alum) and I covered all portions of the backcountry, from Essex to Waterton. When trips took me through Many Glacier I'd stop and pay my respects to Mr. Tippet, who was always gracious and accommodating. I'll always be grateful to him for providing the opportunity for summer experiences beyond compare. I was able to catch the MGH summer shows, and I realized that Mr. Tippet had made the right call, keeping me as far from the stage as possible.

"One Freebie!"

By Rev. Jim Singleton (Many Glacier 1977, 79)

In the summer of 1977, one of the cashiers at the front desk at Many Glacier was a guy from Utica, New York named Mark. He loved to be called Buchavich (not his real name) and he loved to say, "Uuutica, New Yaurk."

One morning, a disgruntled guest was checking out and complaining about his room at the hotel. Perhaps in hopes of a discount, he began arguing about his bill with Mark, the cashier. I was standing nearby at the front desk working as the clerk. The disagreement was prolonged and grew quite animated.

In a moment of intense frustration, Mark said to the guest, "You had

better pay this bill as it stands right now, or I am going to jump right over this glass and hook you!" It got very quiet at the desk. Everyone, from the phone operator to the nearby bellmen, was frozen in time.

With a loud groan, the man paid his bill. No one breathed while the money was paid. The guest stomped off and Mark slammed shut the money drawer. Just then Mr. Tippet emerged behind us, coming from the back counting room. The huge mail clerk, Tony Settles, was at his side.

I quickly concluded that there was about to be one less employee from

Utica, New York at the hotel. Then Mr. Tippet held up the long boney index finger on his right hand, waved it around, and said, "I say, you front desk staff get to have one freebie during the summer – just one. You'll sometimes need to just go off on some guest. One freebie, I say, one." And with a final wag of his finger, Tippet turned around and left the area.

Tony Settles looked right at Mark and stated the obvious: "Mark, I think that was your one freebie!" The entire front desk bowled over in laughter like you can only have at Many Glacier Hotel.

"You had better pay this bill as it stands right now, or I am going to jump right over this glass and hook you!"

The 1980 - 1990's

Fond Memories of Mr. T

By Mike Ford (*Many Glacier 1980, 81, 88*)

I first learned of Glacier National Park in my sophomore year in college. My family had moved from Pennsylvania to Indiana, and this gave me an unexpected opportunity to look for summer jobs in a variety of locations. I went to the Placement Office at my college and started paging through a two-inch-thick file of summer opportunities.

My eyes locked on a one page ad with a picture of a boat on a lake surrounded by mountains, encouraging college students with experience in music and drama to apply to Glacier National Park! I sent away for an application. I completed and returned it promptly to a Mr. Tippet at Glacier Park Incorporated's Arizona office.

I recall applying for either an East Glacier lifeguard position or dining room waiter spot, not being familiar with the various hotels or summer positions. Mr. Tippet responded with a letter indicating that he very much liked qualities in my application and was offering me the job as a Bellman at Many Glacier Hotel. I was interested in working in Glacier, but in my ignorance I didn't think that being a Bellman seemed to be a good job.

I called Mr. Tippet to ask him questions about the job, the pay, etc. As he answered my questions, I remember thinking, "What an unusual accent and unique person!"

After ten minutes of my questioning, Mr. Tippet grew impatient with me and said "You'll need to contact the Head Bellman, John Hagen, for further details and I will give you his address!" I wrote John a letter, John graciously responded and convinced me that being a Bellman at Many Glacier was an incredible opportunity. I sent back the contract, and in late May was headed west on a Greyhound bus.

I arrived at East Glacier in the midst of a whiteout in May – we were all snowed in overnight at East Glacier! The next day a jammer dropped a bunch of us employees off at Many Glacier and we lined up outside Mr. Tippet's office to be checked in. I was fourth in a line of ten. When I got to Mr. T's desk, he said: "Mr. Ford! Will you please go to the end of the line, as I will need to deal with you separately!" He extended his long arm and pointed finger, gesticulating towards the end of the line of people. I sheepishly shuffled to the back of the line, afraid I had already done something wrong.

Fifteen minutes later I was back in front of Mr. T, and he said, "We've chosen a bunch of you Bellmen

to form the new Emergency Action Team [EAT] to help the Many Glacier rangers with firefighting and evacuation in the hotel. Follow me!" Mr. Tippet multi-tasked as we walked, giving directives to various employees. With uncanny recall, he interspersed details from my application: "I see you play college football AND sing in the choir – very nice! Pennsylvania...we don't get many applicants from that state."

I tried to keep up with the long-striding Mr. Tippet as he bounded up three flights of steps and showed me my Crow's Nest room on the fourth floor overlooking the lobby. What an unexpected blessing – the EAT team got plum rooms in the hotel, and mine was overlooking the lake and mountains! I was quickly growing to deeply appreciate the eccentric Englishman.

There was one time when I thought that I was going to be sent home by Mr. Tippet. I was on lobby porter duty one day, a job requiring two of us Bellmen to get up at 5 a.m. to mop and buff the lobby floors and clean other public areas. By mid-morning, we took our cleaning supplies downstairs to the St. Moritz Room floor.

"Mr. Ford! Will you please go to the end of the line, as I will need to deal with you separately!" He extended his long arm and pointed finger, gesticulating towards the end of the line of people. I sheepishly shuffled to the back of the line, afraid I had already done something wrong.

As was our custom, we wandered into the Snack Bar to ask Manager Rolf Larson if there were any “broken donuts” we should clean up for him. Rolf was a kind soul who knew our voracious appetites. He often graciously found a donut or two that wasn’t sufficient in appearance to be sold to the public and said, “Here you go – eat them in the storage room, out of sight.”

There we were, two Bellmen enjoying delicious donuts in secret, white powder all over our lips, when the storage room door opened and in walked Mr. Tippet! We froze in mid-bite. Mr. Tippet froze in mid-stride. He surveyed the scene quietly for three seconds, then pointed his

long arm out the door back to the St. Moritz floor, and said “Well, lobby porters enjoying a morning snack, I see. Of course, you are finished now, are you not? I see the floor is awaiting mopping.” Others have been fired for such transgressions. We were most fortunate to have been caught by Mr. Tippet in a moment of kindness and charity.

Here’s a final anecdote regarding Mr. Tippet. The Bellmen were known for their playfulness and sense of humor. Every morning, near the end of the dining room breakfast hours, Mr. Tippet would go to a back office room with an employee and process the daily hotel cash intake. We knew that, short of a hotel fire, Mr.

T would not move from his money counting spot for 20-30 minutes. We took advantage of this at least once a week, staging costumed dining room raids, fake hotel guest kidnappings, jokes on a housemaid or two, and general mischief. We counted on Mr. T not leaving his morning accounting commitment, and consequently we were never caught in our shenanigans.

I am forever grateful that Mr. Tippet saw fit to hire this Pennsylvania college student to work at Many Glacier. I returned for a total of three summers, and three of my siblings followed me to Glacier. Two of them live in Montana now with their spouses. Mr. Tippet changed our lives.

Ian B. Tippet: Glacier’s Head Master!

If you are familiar with the movie, ‘Goodbye, Mr. Chips’, Ian Tippet is an American equivalent to that cherished British literary character. Note that during performance introductions, all eyes were on the performers, not the Master.



(Photo Rolf Larson)

The Ride of My Life: *Going to the Sun Road with Mr. Tippet*

By Mike Rihner (*Many Glacier, Lake McD, Glacier Park Lodge 1990-95, 2002-19*)

It was the summer of 1994 when I was working as the Entertainment Director for Many Glacier Hotel. Just before coming up to Glacier for the summer, I squeezed in my final requirements for my masters degree from Louisiana State University, but it was too late for me to be eligible to participate in the Spring graduation ceremony, so I was automatically scheduled for graduation in the summer.

Mr. Tippet graciously agreed in advance to let me leave Many Glacier for a week in early August to fly back to Louisiana for my graduation ceremony at LSU in Baton Rouge. Upon arriving back in Kalispell the next week, fresh with my diploma in hand, I was greeted by Mr. Tippet at the airport! "Welcome back, Mr. Rihner! We're so glad to have you return safely! I'm here to give you a ride back to Many Glacier!" Wow, I was quite honored for such a kind and thoughtful gesture, but I didn't realize I was in for the ride of my life!

As soon as we got in the giant battleship-sized car that Mr. Tippet was driving, he began excitedly talking about music. As we entered the park and drove the winding road along Lake McDonald, I realized this would not be an ordinary drive. As the musical discussion grew more intense, Mr. Tippet's driving also became pretty intense! He swayed and swerved along the twisting road

by the Sacred Dancing Cascades, as if the car itself was dancing. I would have sworn that we missed hitting every rocky outcropping in the stretch of road approaching the Loop by less than 1/16 of an inch. "Oh no! The Loop!" I exclaimed silently to myself! "There is no way we're going to make that hairpin turn!"

As Mr. Tippet made the turn at The Loop, I think I swallowed my heart. I must have stopped breathing for at least a minute. It was as if our giant car invisibly went through all the other cars coming at us, like we were in some sort of a ghost car. How did we survive that turn? I thought I had experienced a miracle, but the miracles were just beginning. Anyone who has driven in the passenger side of a vehicle from Lake McDonald to Logan Pass knows the drama, the excitement, and also the fear of realizing that it only takes one false move from the driver to make you food for the mountain goats.

I thought it was the last day of my life. I thought that maybe I could get Mr. Tippet to stop talking about music so he could relax and just

focus on driving this monster car. But I could barely speak. Whatever I could mumble must have sounded like gibberish. I was dreadfully afraid, yet somehow laughing inside, as if I were on an out-of-control roller coaster.

I felt the blood run out of my head. I was white as a ghost. I thought to myself there is no way we're going to make it to Many Glacier alive. What a way to go – Glacier Park's version of Thelma and Louise. Mr. Tippet and I driving off the edge of Going-to-the-Sun Road together in this giant car.

The guardian angels of Glacier Park were working overtime that day. We made it to Many Glacier in what seemed like a ten hour drive. I was never so glad to stand on my own two feet, and I practically kissed the ground. "Well, that was a nice drive, wasn't it?" quipped Mr. Tippet in a cheerful tone.

"Yes, thank you, Mr. Tippet," I somehow managed to say. It was quite a nice drive. It was the ride of my life.

As the musical discussion grew more intense, Mr. Tippet's driving also became pretty intense! He swayed and swerved along the twisting road by the Sacred Dancing Cascades, as if the car itself was dancing. I would have sworn that we missed hitting every rocky outcropping in the stretch of road approaching the Loop by less than 1/16 of an inch. "Oh no! The Loop!"

The 2000's

The Flower Runs

By Michael Buck (Many Glacier, Trucker, Jammer 1960-68, 2001-07)

I first met Mr. Ian B. Tippet in 1961. I was beginning my second season of what would become 16 summer seasons in Glacier Park. I was employed as a second-floor houseman, in Annex "A" of the Many Glacier Hotel.

For the next seven seasons I knew Mr. Tippet primarily in two positions. He was manager at Many Glacier while I was employed there in 1961 and 1962. After that I drove the warehouse truck from Glacier Park Lodge to the other eastside facilities, but unique accounting procedures required Mr. Tippet to approve my payroll time sheet,

After 33 years in public education, I retired and returned to Glacier Park. During seven summer seasons, 2001-2007, I came to know a much different Mr. Tippet. The more formal, managerial figure whom I had known four decades before was now replaced by a more collegial individual. Yet his guiding principles: professionalism and mindfulness of his position in the company – who he was, what he did, and how he did it – remained unchanged.

I believe that for Mr. Tippet, there were three ways for accomplishing any task and any mission. One,

there was a right way of doing things. Two, there was a wrong way of doing things. And three, there was his way – the right way conducted at a higher standard.

For Mr. Tippet, whether as a company officer, as the youngest location manager in the history of a park hotel, or as a department employee, whatever – the only acceptable level of performance was grade "A", class "One" – a level of quality unsurpassed in Glacier's colorful inn history. This is how I will most remember Mr. Tippet.

One of my favorite recollections concerns his fascinating "Flower Runs". We did them together, to pick up the flowers with which he surrounded his East Glacier cottage and mail room, early in the summers of 2003 through 2007.

We did the runs on Sunday, the only day on which a company freight truck was available. I prepared the vehicle the night before, scrubbing and polishing the interior and exterior to what I felt would be Mr. T's exacting standards. Additional shelving was added to accommodate the massive quantities of flowers which he had pre-ordered. The rig was fueled, ready for a mid-morning departure from East Glacier.

Our destination was Hooper's Garden Center, some 70 miles to the west,

in Kalispell, Montana. Upon our arrival, I was directed to the loading spot to begin a massive, truly massive undertaking. The flowers that we loaded cost \$2,000 to \$3,000, personally paid for by Mr. Tippet.

These episodes took me back to the days, more than 40 years earlier, when I was required to daily load provisions for the lodges. But this was more challenging than loading boxes of toilet paper or number 10 cans of tomatoes. The plantings were delicate, and they came in all manner of tipsy pottings and cratings. There were few or no load-securing lines available. With Mr. T supervising my every move, I dared not mess-up!

With the loading completed, we made a few additional stops before heading east, through Columbia Falls, Belton (West Glacier), Essex, and back to East Glacier. Refueling was necessary before leaving West Glacier, where we took a dinner break. Mr. Tippet called ahead to arrange for a crew to help unload the flowers upon our arrival.

During the ride between West and East Glacier, Mr. Tippet would display the image of a person at his happiest, feeling most content. He was at rest with the world and at rest with himself.

I believe that for Mr. Tippet, there were three ways for accomplishing any task and any mission. One, there was a right way of doing things. Two, there was a wrong way of doing things. And three, there was his way – the right way conducted at a higher standard.

We traded yarns and frivolities and a few tabloids about the “good old days” – for myself, in the early and middle 1960’s – for him, in the late 1940’s, in Chicago, with the Hilton Hotel Corporation, and in 1950, when he signed on as a night clerk at the grand “Entrance” hotel in a fabulous place called Glacier National Park. His employment initially was to be for one season gathering information on hotel operations. It became his half century-plus great adventure!

The memories of those “Flower

One of my favorite recollections concerns his fascinating “Flower Runs”. We did them together, to pick up the flowers with which he surrounded his East Glacier cottage and mail room, early in the summers of 2003 through 2007.

A short pictorial of the annual journey to Hooper’s Garden Center in Kalispell. (Photos courtesy of Michael Buck.)

Runs” are for me as vivid today as if they had occurred five minutes ago. As the years go by, our circumstances change and people pass. Memories, however, remain.

For me, Ian B. Tippet was a person who created and inspired. He nurtured an atmosphere of creative arts and a level of hospitality in tourism which was universally admired. He inspired a philosophy of dedication and commitment – to the park visitor, the hotel guest and the fellow employee – at a high level at which many who followed him strove to achieve.

Mr. Tippet’s legacy will continue. He cared about and for a marvelous group of people who were so blessed as to have him be a most memorable part of their life’s being, influencing who they could become and what they would contribute.



Mr. Tippet's Swan Song



Giving Mr. Tippet support in his newly refurbished apartment: Brenda Zahn, Carol Dahle, Ron Zahn, and Rachel Waldon.

*By Ron Zahn
(Many Glacier
1972-73)*

During my 200-ish days at Glacier in the early 1970's, I had very little contact with Mr. Tippet. But I saw him treating the work, the guests, and the employees with great dignity. That inspired me to incorporate those same values into my own work and life.

I was one of the few at Many Glacier without singing or musical or other performance talent. My older brother, Allen was a jammer in the late 1960's. He wrote a letter of sponsorship for me. My assignment was to operate the two-pump gas station at Many Glacier in 1972. In 1973, I was part of the garbage truck crew.

Mr. Tippet attended the employee reunion at Many Glacier in 2010. My wife Brenda and I also attended that reunion. His memory was quite remarkable. For example, he recalled that I was there in 1973. I learned

that he lived in Phoenix. I told him that I also live in Phoenix and gave him my business card. I said something that started with, "If you ever need help ..." These were not intended as empty words, but nothing came of them for many years.

In Phoenix, I worked as a white-collar crime investigator with the Arizona Attorney General's Office and then as a financial exploitation investigator with Adult Protective Services. Financial exploitation of vulnerable adults is an epidemic in Arizona (where many elderly people live) and throughout the country.

Part of my job was to visit vulnerable adults in their living situations.

I did hundreds and hundreds of unannounced visits to private homes, nursing homes, and adult care homes. This background assisted me in helping Mr. Tippet in his last months.

The Health Crisis

Mr. Tippet had been very active on Facebook until his activity suddenly went quiet in February 2019. After several weeks, a social worker contacted Carol Repulski Dahle. She said that Mr. Tippet had been placed in an adult care home. Carol alerted Mr. Tippet's friends. It was time for me to answer up and help.

I contacted Carol and the social worker. Mr. Tippet approved me as a visitor. On April 14, I went to a group home in North Scottsdale and knocked on the door.

A caregiver greeted me and announced my arrival to Mr. Tippet. He was sitting on a couch in the

Working in Glacier was a special experience, and even moreso due to the impact that this extraordinary man had on all of us. Thank you, and good-bye, Mr. T!

next room and was applauding as I entered. He stood up and said, "It is good to see you, Mr. Zahn." I said, "It is good to see you, Mr. Tippet." The journey began.

Mr. Tippet was very alert and oriented. He introduced me to the staff and some of the other residents and told them that I was an employee at Glacier Park in the 1970s. He said that he wanted to return to his apartment at Forest Park in central Phoenix.

Mr. Tippet showed me some paperwork listing medical appointments. He asked me to call the doctors and cancel the appointments. He was not allowed to make outgoing phone calls from the adult care home. The appointments were close to his apartment in downtown Phoenix, but were more than 20 miles from the home.

One of the challenges of caring for the elderly is to know when to accept their decision, when to try to persuade them in a different direction, when to intervene, and ultimately when to substitute your own judgment for theirs. We all have the right to be wrong if we are of sound mind to make decisions. That line can be blurry. The "fog of aging" is a tricky condition that can ebb and flow.

I looked at the papers he gave me. I told him, "No, I will not cancel the appointments, but rather I will give you a ride to your appointments." Mr. Tippet objected, of course. We had a discussion and he finally agreed. He had fallen behind in his doctor appointments. We did a lot of them over the next several months.

Mr. Tippet showed me other paperwork, including his recent medical history and the contract for his stay at the adult care home. He had been taken by ambulance to the emergency room twice in February. The ambulance came because he hit the button

on his Life Alert. He was suffering pain caused by inability to urinate.

After a stay at the hospital, Mr. Tippet had been transferred to Desert Terrace, a rehabilitation nursing home. He spent a few weeks there, and then was placed at the adult care home. He had no belongings with him, not even a change of clothes. He had what he wore to the hospital in February and some items that providers had given him – hospital gowns, robes, and socks. My wife Brenda drew on her Amazon skills, and we got him some basics for clothes.

Mr. Tippet described the adult care home as "a wretched place." He said that it was like being in prison or in a lunatic asylum. I had been in many similar homes during my adult protective services days. The building was nice, but it was grossly understaffed. It constantly reeked of human waste. There were always 3 or 4 televisions on at a very loud volume and not all on the same channel.

Most of the residents seemed to require a higher level of care than was offered at the group home. Mr. Tippet was the most alert and oriented of the residents, although he was the oldest. He told other residents to go to bed when they fell asleep on the couches.

The group home was owned by a married couple (whom we will call Mr. and Mrs. Owner). Mr. Tippet told me that when he was transferred there, Mr. Owner twice took him to the bank and had him withdraw cash and give it to Mr. Owner for room and board. The teller slipped Mr.

Tippet her business card and said that if anything was wrong, he could contact her. He was shaken by these episodes.

He was concerned that his bills had been neglected during the many weeks that he was in the hospital and the rehab center and now in this dreadful adult care home. He gave me his apartment keys and asked me to talk with Renee at the apartment complex to get his mail.

I went to Forest Park and met with Renee. She was awesome. She had been the manager at Forest Park Apartments for twenty-three years and was an advocate for Mr. Tippet. She had driven him to eye surgery in the past and was his friend. She gave me a tour of the facility. It was a garden apartment complex with trees growing in the courtyard that were taller than the three-story building.

Mr. Tippet lived on the third floor. There was no elevator. He had moved into his apartment in 1982. He had a lot of things in the apartment and had fallen behind in keeping it tidy. Renee said the apartment complex would refurbish it if we had everything moved out. Mr. Tippet agreed to let us move his belongings out and put them into storage. This would be a project.

On my next visit, I brought Mr. Tippet the bills and his checkbook. He had trouble writing checks because his hands were so shaky. We settled on me filling out the checks. He signed them and then I took them to the mailbox.

I asked Mr. Tippet if he were confident that he could manage the three flights of stairs at Forest Park. He said that he had lived there for donkey's years and that he went up and down those stairs twelve times a day sometimes. I reminded him that he was 87 years old and had just gone through some serious medical issues. I recommended that we get input from his medical providers, and I explained the notion of being a fall risk. He insisted that he could manage the stairs and that he wished to die in his apartment after he turned 100 years old.

Mr. Tippet agreed to do a video to be posted on Facebook. In the video, he greeted everyone and said that he was getting back in good shape and walking with an English walker (a cane). He thanked everyone for the wonderful letters and cards and sent his love to everyone.

The Go Fund Me Account

A Go Fund Me page was organized and launched by Carol Dahle. Go Fund Me requires that a goal be established and published at the launch. We decided on an initial goal of \$6,000. That goal was reached in 12 hours.

The success of the Go Fund Me page provided great joy to Mr. Tippet. He told all the doctors and other medical people how he had cared for the students in their youth and now they are caring for him in his old age. He bragged about us all the time. "It's a great story!!," he exclaimed with delight. "We reached the goal in 12 hours!" Mr. Tippet's sister, Vivienne Holliday, called it "the student fund." Family members and friends also contributed to the fund, and much additional money was raised.

Mr. Tippet introduced me to his doctors and their staffs. There were

many appointments to investigate and treat the urology and other issues. He had to go to a cardiologist a few times because he had been diagnosed with atrial fibrillation many years before. Because of the AFib, he was being treated with anticoagulants. He had to get his Coumadin levels checked

frequently. He signed a medical power of attorney so that I could communicate with his providers and help to manage his appointment schedule.

Mr. Tippet often said that one should treat others with kindness and respect because it was the right thing to do. And it may be returned to you. He was very encouraging to others in whatever they were doing and in whatever position they had.

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The medical workers always perked up when he greeted them. The eye doctor pulled me aside to tell me that Mr. Tippet was his most pleasant and inspiring patient and that others in the office always looked forward to his appointments.

Mr. Tippet had been seeing his podiatrist, Dr. Burke, for over ten years. The first time that I met Dr. Burke, Mr. Tippet told him that I was one of the employees that he recruited for donkey's years in Glacier. Dr. Burke asked me if I played an

instrument. I said that I did not. I told him that, apparently, I was the beneficiary of a computer glitch in the otherwise fine filter used for processing the applications. My talent was driving the garbage truck, and I spent my off hours climbing as many mountains as possible. Mr. Tippet

objected. He said, "No, No, No! There had to be something about your application. There had to be a good reason!"

Confronting Mr. Owner

In the meantime, Mr. Tippet was still at the adult care home. It was still dreadful. One day, Mr. Tippet told me that Mr. Owner had told him that they had to go to the bank for the next month's rent. He said

that Mr. Owner always greeted him with the "Heil Hitler" salute. Mr. Tippet told him that this was unsettling because it brought back terrible memories from his childhood when England was bombed by the Nazis. He asked that the saluting stop, but Mr. Owner continued to greet him that way and otherwise was disrespectful. Mr. Tippet said that it bothered him a great deal, and said that he would not be bullied.

I called Mr. Owner. I told him that I was a friend of Mr. Tippet's and

that his abuse was unacceptable. I explained to him that I previously had worked with Adult Protective Services and that it is unlawful to abuse or exploit a vulnerable adult. I mentioned that the Scottsdale Police Department had been very helpful when I had a case two blocks from his place. I said that the Scottsdale Police viewed these cases as a high priority, and that we could arrange to get them involved. I also told him that the friends of Mr. Tippet had an agreement with his wife that the student fund would pay the rent. He expressed an understanding of these matters, and we terminated the call.

Mr. Tippet told me the next day that Mr. Owner had apologized and had begged him on his knees for forgiveness. Mrs. Owner also called me to apologize, and said that she had not told her husband about the financial arrangement with the student fund.

Mr. Tippet said that the food at the home was not that good and there was not much of it. One day I took him to a Safeway grocery store in the vicinity. He bought some Twining Earl Grey tea, a plant for his room at the adult care home, and some snacks. He mentioned that he liked to eat at a Subway restaurant near his apartment. We started to incorporate a stop at that Subway on the way back from doctor's appointments.

Kathy Stapleton Renno (MGH '71-'73) drove up from Tucson to visit Mr. Tippet at the adult care home. She was amazed at his mental alertness. They viewed pictures from back in the day and had a good visit.

Carol Dahle came to Phoenix from Wisconsin to assess Mr. Tippet's needs for new furniture and other expenses. Carol confirmed with

Mrs. Owner that the student fund would pay for future room and board, and she reiterated that the "Heil Hitler" comments must stop. Also during that trip, with guidance from Renee, Carol purchased new furniture for Mr. Tippet's apartment with money from the student fund. Movers were hired, and a storage unit was rented to take care of Mr. Tippet's things while he recuperated and his apartment was refurbished.

The student fund made all the difference. It allowed for many improvements to Mr. Tippet's life. The Go Fund Me Page had a section where donors could make comments. Many did. Carol converted the comment section to a printable document, and I printed them and gave them to Mr. Tippet. He was touched by the comments. I read them to him sometimes. We got him a new magnifying glass so he could read them also. His vision had declined a good bit.

Meanwhile, the group home was sold to new owners. They were sisters, and one was a nurse. The staffing and hygiene improved immediately. They wanted Mr. Tippet to stay, but he told them he wanted to return to Forest Park. He said that he wished to die at Forest Park after he had turned 100 years of age.

The Return to Forest Park

Carol Dahle returned to Phoenix a second time from Wisconsin, this time joined by her sister, Lynn Repulski, from St. Cloud, Minnesota. Together they arranged the furniture and purchased things necessary to furnish the newly refurbished apartment. Laura Shearin (MGH '80) joined us for the day of the return to Forest Park. Rachel Walden, Mr. Tippet's niece, joined in the effort as

well. She was stationed in Houston at the time for her job with a multinational headquartered there. I went to the group home to get Mr. Tippet, and the rest were at his apartment for the big reveal.

Mr. Tippet was delighted with the refurbished apartment. He posted on Facebook for the first time in four months. He stated, in part: "I AM SO GLAD to be BACK in my old Home where I have been (winners) for nigh on 40 years."

TJ Tjernlund (Lake McD '66-'69) came to Mr. Tippet's apartment to assemble the TV console purchased by the student fund. Carol said that it was large, but shouldn't be too difficult or take much time. Mr. Tippet said that TJ was there for eight hours and that there were hundreds of parts. TJ said it was 2,437 parts. Good thing he brought his tool kit!

We moved Mr. Tippet's things back to his apartment from the storage unit on an installment basis. Brenda did lots of his laundry and insisted that I put sachets in his clothes drawers. Her Southern roots mandated the sachets. Mr. Tippet greatly appreciated that. He called her more than once to gush in appreciation for what she had done, and he really enjoyed the good aroma of the sachets.

I arranged to have lunch with Mr. Tippet at the Subway shop near his apartment on Fridays. The staff at the Subway had a great fondness for him. He had been going there for donkey's years, you know. I was able to confirm his stories about Glacier to the staff and the Subway regulars.

The Relapse

One afternoon in September, Renee called me from Forest Park. She said that I needed to come right away.

Mr. Tippet was lying on the floor next to his bed and could not get up. His Life Alert was on the nightstand above his head and he could not reach it. Apparently, he had taken it off and set it there, and then had fallen and lain on the floor for more than 24 hours. He told us to just put him back on the bed and that he would die there.

Renee and I decided to substitute our judgment for his, and I called 911. The ambulance crew carried him down the stairs in a canvas carrying device and took him to the emergency room. After four or five hours they decided to admit him to the hospital. I went home for the day.

They treated Mr. Tippet for pneumonia, dehydration, and multiple infections. I went to visit him every night on my way home from work. After a few days he was able to stand and then walk. He was transferred to Desert Terrace again.

Laura Shearin bought a Walkman CD player for Mr. Tippet and we selected some of his CD's to leave with him. Everything improved from that point forward. Lori Vienneau (MGH '74-'75) has a friend that leads a group of singers at Arizona State University. They do concerts at nursing homes, and they came to Desert Terrace one day. Mr. Tippet sang along with them, thanked them and told them about his love of music and hiring music majors from around the country to work at Glacier National Park.

Medicare pays for 20 days in a rehabilitation nursing home like Desert Terrace. Mr. Tippet needed to stay for 21 days, and the student fund paid for the extra day. In the course of his stay, he rallied and was able not only to walk with his stick, but to work on a stair climber. Fall risk

still was a concern. On the 22nd day, he returned to Forest Park in a medical transport vehicle. The driver went with him up the stairs with a gait belt and was amazed at how Mr. Tippet managed the three flights.

The doctors insisted that Mr. Tippet have home health care arranged before his discharge. The student fund paid for home health care professionals to assist him with daily living. Mr. Tippet was very grateful for the assistance.

One of the health care aides and I took Mr. Tippet to lunch at Subway every Friday. We called these meetings the Subway Summit. The aide once asked me what my talent was. I told him that my talent was driving the garbage truck, that I did not play an instrument and cannot sing. I explained my theory that there must have been a computer glitch in the otherwise fine filter of processing the applications. The aide observed that there were no computers in 1972. We both laughed. Mr. Tippet objected. He said, "NO, NO, NO! There had to be something in your application. There had to be a good reason for the hire."

The aide unfortunately died. Thereafter, Mr. Tippet and I continued

the Subway Summit. On Friday, March 6, we had our usual lunch at Subway. Mr. Tippet said that he was having dreams about singing on stage with his brother Anthony when they were young boys at the West Buckland Boarding School. He was very proud of his late brother, who was an admiral in the Royal Navy.

On the following Monday, March 9, 2020, Carol Dahle called me. The home health agency had called her to say that their aide had found Mr. Tippet in his bed that morning. He had passed away in his sleep.

Mr. Tippet had paid for a pre-arranged cremation. It was his wish to have his personal belongings, such as furniture, clothes, and household goods, donated to the St. Vincent de Paul Society (where he had volunteered for many years) and the Salvation Army. Both organizations care for the poor.

Forest Park: The Last Day

On March 28, everything had been moved out of the apartment and the keys were turned in to the office. Mr. Tippet had lived at Forest Park for 38 years. He was the longest resident there.

Florin, the long-time gardener and

Laura Shearin was one of many past Glacier employees who visited Ian B. in Phoenix. (Photo courtesy of Laura Shearin.)



maintenance boss, came from Romania, and his whole crew is Romanian. He had watered Mr. Tippet's many plants during hospital stays. He wanted something to remember him by, so I gave him a wall hanging with Mr. Tippet's name on it. It was a sad moment for both of us. He held the wall hanging tightly as he left.

Vladimir, from Russia, had been Mr. Tippet's next-door neighbor to the east for ten years. Vladimir thought that there were too many plants. He had a standing disagreement with Mr. Tippet on this point. Vladimir told me, "It is an exceptional thing

what you have done helping your former boss." I told him that I was just one of hundreds of former employees, along with family, that had been helping for almost a year. Vladimir asked, "Wouldn't it be wonderful if we all had that kind of help in our final years?" I agreed.

Athena, Mr. Tippet's next-door neighbor to the west, promised to look for a good home for all the plants. She grew up in the barrios of South Phoenix. She was grateful for Mr. Tippet's encouragement over the five years they knew each other. Athena went with me to the

Subway to tell them of Mr. Tippet's passing. I told her it would be hard to do. She said she will play opera in her apartment, maybe just a little louder than normal, have some tea, and remember the nice things that Mr. Tippet did for her and mostly his encouragement.

I suppose Mr. Tippet was right that there was a good reason to hire me, donkey's years ago. We never settled the question, but whatever that reason may have been, I am forever grateful.

Athena, Mr. Tippet's next-door neighbor . . . promised to look for a good home for all the plants. She was grateful for Mr. Tippet's encouragement over the five years they knew each other ... [and promised to] play opera in her apartment, maybe just a little louder than normal, have some tea, and remember the nice things Mr. Tippet did for her, mostly his encouragement.

Goodbye, Mr. T

By Jim McGarry (Glacier Park Lodge 1971)

Mr. Tippet and I corresponded for a couple of decades after I worked at Glacier Park Lodge in 1971. I sent several well wishes as he prepared to open Many Glacier in later summers. When I referred applicants to work in Glacier, he always followed up with a report on the employee's performance. He was a wonderful person and a true professional manager.

Outsiders will never understand the deep-seeded feelings and appreciation that we share for this brilliant man, or his influence on so many lives. In April 1971, Mr. T. was the first GPI employee that I met getting

off the train in East Glacier Park. Throughout that summer, and for many years thereafter, his inspiration remained solid.

Thinking of the tens of thousands of employees that he selected to work for GPI, I will always remember stopping at East Glacier with my wife to visit him after forty years. Upon hearing of our arrival, Mr. T. welcomed us with files and photos of my individual summer at Glacier!

The mailroom that Mr. T managed at Glacier Park Lodge in his later years was full of fascinating memorabilia. But it was more than a history museum – it was his life's work to be shared with those in his world.

Working in Glacier was a special experience, and even moreso due to the impact that this extraordinary man had on all of us. Thank you, and good-bye, Mr. T!

The mailroom that Mr. T managed at Glacier Park Lodge in his later years was full of fascinating memorabilia. But it was more than a history museum – it was his life's work to be shared with those in his world.

INSIDE NEWS (Continued from Page 3)

due to social distancing requirements. The Park Service is short about 70 beds from its ordinary inventory.

On the East Side, the shortage of personnel means that the St. Mary, Rising Sun, and Cut Bank campgrounds cannot open. The Many Glacier campground will operate by reservation only – but reservations, available online six months in advance, were snatched up for the entire summer (filling up “in the first five seconds,” according to a Park Service employee).

The Fish Creek campground on the West Side also will function this summer by reservation only. The Two Medicine, Apgar, and Avalanche campgrounds will operate on a “first come, first served” basis.

The Going-to-the-Sun shuttle buses, which did not operate in 2020, will be back in service this summer. However, to maintain social distancing, the shuttles will operate at 50% capacity to start the season.

Xanterra’s Preparations

Glacier’s concessioner Xanterra has continued to work with the National Park Service and public health officers on determining what operations in 2021 will look like. Andy Stiles, Xanterra’s general manager, says that “many of the mitigation efforts we implemented in 2020 to keep guests and employees safe will still be in place in 2021.” This will include take-out food service and capacity limitations in public spaces. Many other details still are under discussion.

Xanterra will bring back veteran managers Angel Esperanueva at Many Glacier and Matt LaSalle at Lake McDonald Lodge.

Pursuit’s Preparations

Pursuit also will bring back a full complement of veteran managers this summer. John Bloem will manage Glacier Park Lodge, Helen Roberts will manage St. Mary Village, Todd Ashcraft will manage the West Glacier properties, Jayne Miller will manage Belton Chalets, and Norm Duchaine will manage the Prince of Wales Hotel.

Pursuit expects a return to near-normalcy in most of its operations. This includes traditional food service operations with table dining, and lobby areas open to the general public as well as to registered hotel guests.

Because of the pandemic, Pursuit will have far less international employees than in recent years. It will encourage vaccination for its employees, many of whom will have roommates. In recent months, Pursuit has hosted a community vaccination site at its Grouse Mountain Lodge facility in Whitefish.

Corridor Management

In September 2019, the Park Service issued a very detailed Going-to-the-Sun Road Corridor Management Plan for public comment. Some 530 letters and a flurry of telephone calls poured into Park Service headquarters at West Glacier. The Park Service was in the midst of assessing them when the pandemic arose. The analysis had to be back-burnered.

In March 2021, the Park Service issued a final version of the Corridor Management Plan. The Park Service adopted its Preferred Alternative, with relatively few revisions. It involves an “adaptive management approach,” with strategies that managers can implement when crowds, cars and other criteria reach certain levels.

Besides these adaptive options, the Plan sets out a number of baseline measures to be implemented promptly. Among other matters:

A parking permit system will be adopted at Logan Pass and at the St. Mary Falls/Virginia Falls trailhead. Permits will be sold online and also will be available at sites in and near the Park. Some will be available well in advance, and some will be held for short-term sale (i.e., on the day of use, day before use, or week before use).

The shuttle system will be expanded. New stops will be added (e.g., at the Fish Creek Campground, Johns Lake, and the 1913 Ranger Station at St. Mary). The shuttle fleet may be expanded if funding allows.

About 150 parking spaces will be added, mostly at the West Glacier Ball Field and the 1913 Ranger Station. This will bring total parking spaces in the corridor to roughly 2,250.

On the Highline trail, volunteers will be assigned at peak season “to conduct foot traffic control at the cliff area” at Logan Pass. Details (e.g., timed-entry metrics) remain to be worked out.

Under the Adaptive Management Option for the Highline, (1) a permit system would be adopted at peak season; (2) a cutoff trail would be constructed from the Highline down to the Road at Big Bend (near Haystack Butte); and (3) one-way travel northbound would be mandatory between Logan Pass and Big Bend (exceptions would be made in case of wildlife encounters or other emergencies).

The Gunsight Pass trail would be managed for a lower level of use and opportunities for solitude. Hikers

would be encouraged to go from the trailhead to Sun Point rather than to Gunsight Lake or Florence Falls. If necessary, a permit system would be adopted.

Bicycle use will be encouraged. A Bicycle Safety Study will be conducted in 2021. A short bike trail will be created at St. Mary, and another may be constructed up the Inside North Fork Road. Bike trailers will be attached to some shuttles, and bike racks will be installed at some trailheads. “Car-free mornings” will be considered if parkwide visitation declines.

The most notable changes in the Plan’s original draft is at Avalanche Campground. The draft had proposed converting some or all of the campground into parking at peak season. Strong objections were raised to this proposal, since Avalanche is the only old-growth forest campground in the area. The final Plan abandons the proposal.

The Plan also abandons a proposal in the original draft to reactivate old trails near Logan Pass. These trails run from Siyeh Bend to Lunch Creek and from Lunch Creek to Logan Pass. The trails potentially could have diverted some of the foot traffic from the very crowded Hidden Lake and Highline trails. But the final Plan abandons this initiative, citing unspecified “resource concerns.”

The final Plan lists well over a hundred comments, quotes, and criticisms that were submitted by the public. Some of them were fanciful or absurd (e.g., making Going-to-the-Sun Road one-way and creating a “return tunnel” under the Park, or creating a gondola to Logan Pass). Most, however, were substantive, and the Park Service dutifully sought to respond to them all.

Many commenters urged the reopening of decommissioned trails in the Park, including the Heaven’s Peak Lookout trail, the Alder Trail, and the Harrison Lake trail. The Park Service replied that this “is beyond the scope of this plan but could be considered in the future.” It cautioned, however, that funding would be needed and that some of the trails were “closed for resource reasons,” including preserving grizzly habitat.

The final Plan repeatedly reaffirmed the values set out in the 1999 General Management Plan (GMP). The GMP set a “status quo” baseline for management, maintaining long-standing patterns of visitor use. The Corridor Management Plan shows the challenges of upholding those values amid unprecedented levels of visitation.

The FONSI

Technically, the final draft of the Corridor Management Plan is a “FONSI” (a Finding of No Significant Impact) under NEPA (the National Environmental Policy Act). Under these acronyms, the Park Service generates analysis as to the “direct, indirect and cumulative impacts” of the selected alternative on vegetation, wildlife, and other resources.

The analysis frequently makes for dense reading, but there are intriguing and colorful points. We learn that Glacier has over 300 species of terrestrial wildlife and 279 species of birds. (One would think that Glacier included Mt. Ararat, and that Noah just had rattled out the gangplank of the Ark! We now understand how Chris Peterson of *The Hungry Horse News* has been able to find such a plethora of bird species for his amazing wildlife photos.)

We learn, too, that Glacier is “one of the few places in the contiguous 48 states that support natural populations of all indigenous carnivores and most of their prey species.” One reason that mountain goats, ordinarily shy, mix with people at Logan Pass is that “they are attracted to ... predator-free zones created by humans.” When the Pass is closed, bears return to the nearby meadows and the goats scurry back up onto the cliffs.

We learn that the East Side of Going-to-the-Sun is excellent winter range for goats and sheep because “the strong winds and sparse vegetation leave the south facing slopes relatively snow-free in winter.” Further down the road, the St. Mary elk herd, the largest in the Park, historically has wintered in the valley, but recently has tended to winter on the plains “as habitat security levels on the Blackfeet Reservation have risen.” In the summer, the herd disperses all along Glacier’s eastern border, from Marias Pass to Canada.

MGH Reunion Postponed

The Many Glacier alumni reunion scheduled for August 5-8, 2021, has been scaled back to an informal gathering. Alumni are encouraged to gather and fraternize and hike as conditions allow, but no formal programs will be held. Social distancing and masking protocols probably will continue through the summer, precluding the large lobby musical performances for which these reunions are known.

A formal Many Glacier Reunion will likely be scheduled for August of 2022. Details will be published in the Summer issue of *The Inside Trail*. We welcome word of other alumni reunions scheduled in the Park!

Gearjammer Memories

By Mike Butler (*Gearjammer 1972-73*)

To give a glimpse into the operation of the red buses and their service to the hotels, I would like to relate my experiences as the operator of red bus number 97 during the summers of 1972 and 1973. After graduating from the University of Nebraska in May, 1972, I drove my orange Volkswagen Beetle to Glacier. Jammers were required to be 21 years of age, and have previous bus or truck driving experience. I had driven a lumber delivery truck in Omaha the previous summers, so I qualified. A state Chauffeur's License was required, but Nebraska did not have one at that time, so I was allowed to drive on my standard license.

As employees of the Glacier Park Transport Company, jammers were allowed to drive our private cars to Glacier, while the Glacier Park Inc. employees were required to arrive by public transportation, many arriving on Amtrak at East Glacier or Belton. The jammers did have their own dormitory building in East Glacier with private rooms. This was a luxury that we deeply appreciated, and it earned the jealousy of the other employees. Strangely though, the dorm was not heated, and it was plenty cold in the early days of June.

Our training began as soon as we arrived. We were given Donald Robinson's book *Through The Years In Glacier National Park*, and told to memorize it for our tours. So we sat around in the dorm lounge trying to keep warm and reading the book. We were each assigned a red bus for the summer and given general advice

about care and upkeep of the bus by the attendant in the bus garage.

We were assigned a trainer who would check our driving skills on a test drive from East Glacier to Two Medicine. That first drive over the winding mountain road was nerve-wracking indeed, but we soon became familiar with how the bus handled. So the first week was filled with study, practice driving, and sample tours given by experienced drivers and transport agents.

Each hotel had a transport agent who was responsible for assigning drivers to tours for the day and greeting buses as they entered the hotel driveway. Our lead trainer was Paul Meierding, who was the transport agent at Many Glacier Hotel. Paul gave the tour to a bus full of new jammers over the roads of Glacier, pointing out the sights and describing the history and geology of the park. I took notes furiously as he was giving the tours. When it came time to give my first tour I was as prepared as I could possibly be, but learning about Glacier continued throughout the summer. Eventually all the jammers developed a tour spiel which they could practically give in their sleep.

I don't specifically recall my first tour, but it was probably from East Glacier to Many Glacier. The Going-to-the-Sun Road over Logan Pass often did not open until late June due to the heavy snowfall there, so our tours were limited to the east side run or the southwest run to Lake McDonald. The tour to Many Glacier took about three hours, so if we left East Glacier at 9:00 a.m.

we would reach Many by noon so that the passengers could have lunch there.

After lunch, some tours continued to the Prince of Wales Hotel in Canada. Alternatively, drivers had the afternoon off, or we drove a different group of passengers from Many Glacier to East Glacier. The drive to Lake McDonald Lodge from East Glacier was only about two hours, so those tours left East at about 10:00 a.m. Once Logan Pass opened for the season my favorite tour was the one departing from Many Glacier, driving the Going-to-the-Sun Road over Logan Pass to Lake McDonald, or vice versa.

In the 1970s, red bus tours were only offered between the four Glacier Park Inc. hotels: Glacier Park Lodge, Many Glacier Hotel, Prince of Wales Hotel, and Lake McDonald Lodge. Large tour buses were not allowed to drive over Logan Pass, so all the tour companies had to unload their passengers at the GPI hotels to be transferred to the red buses.

We carried the tour passengers and "regulars" ("regs") on our tours. The regs were folks who had driven their cars to Glacier but wanted the experience of a red bus ride over Logan Pass. The regs and tour passengers were usually not mixed on the red buses, but occasionally regs did ride if there were empty seats. As jammers, we preferred to take loads of tour passengers because they usually tipped better than regs. However, regs were often the more congenial passengers.

A jammer's life was a roving one. We rarely returned to the same hotel we started from on any particular day.

Each hotel had a dormitory where the jammers stayed overnight. Only at East Glacier did we have private rooms in an exclusive jammer dorm.

At Many Glacier, jammers bunked in one room on the top floor of the men's dormitory which was up the hill from the hotel. Six bunk beds in the room could accommodate twelve jammers. This was absolutely the worst place for jammers. It was crowded, hot, and impossible to get decent sleep in that room. Many jammers took to removing a mattress from a bunk bed and taking it out to their bus, where they placed the mattress in the luggage area at the back, and they slept under the stars with the bus canvas roof rolled back. I never did that. I figured that Glacier Park Inc. was obligated to provide a decent place for us to sleep. I did have many sleepless nights in that awful room at Many Glacier though

At Lake McDonald, there was a separate small dorm for the jammers, but it was a weird arrangement with bunk beds lining an open hallway which led to the bathroom and showers in the middle of the building. Jammers walked through the hallway past the bunks at all times of the night to the bathroom, again ensuring a fairly sleepless night. Sometimes there were as many as sixteen jammers staying overnight at Lake McDonald and the dorm could only sleep twelve. Luckily, a couple of times on those overcrowded nights I was allowed to sleep in one of the guest cabins.

The Prince of Wales Hotel had a men's dormitory with one room assigned to jammers. I believe there were only four or six beds in this room, but there were seldom that many jammers spending the night at the Prince. When we eventually

made it back to East Glacier we collapsed in the peace and quiet of our own room.

Meals were provided at each hotel for the jammers, and we each had our favorite spots. The Many Glacier employee cafeteria usually served the best food, so that made up somewhat for the lousy room there. The Lake McDonald and Glacier Park Lodge cafeterias were both good, not great. The Prince of Wales cafeteria was absolutely the worst. It was so bad that most jammers walked to downtown Waterton and paid for meals in a restaurant there. This was unfortunate because it was otherwise a beautiful experience to be in Canada.

We looked forward to our seldom day off in Canada because there was so much to do. It was always fun to tour the quaint shops in Waterton. Great hiking was available by taking the boat across the lake to the Boundary Trail on the west shore, the Crypt Lake Trail on the east, and the Goat Haunt trails on the south. In fact, we enjoyed hiking wherever we had a day off. Many Glacier had the most trails available, but great trails were available from all the hotels. Glacier Park Lodge even had a

nine-hole golf course which employees could play if there were no guests waiting on the first tee.

Toward the end of each summer the jammers held a steak fry at the East Glacier dorm. Getting us all together was tricky, because most tours for the day did not end up at East Glacier. The Transport Company allowed us to deadhead our buses to East Glacier from wherever our tours ended that day. If we had a girlfriend employee at one of the hotels, we were allowed to bring her along in the bus also. It was a great party, and most jammers deadheaded back to their original location late that night or very early the next morning after a few hours sleep.

Driving a red bus in Glacier National Park for the summer was the experience of a lifetime and I'll always be grateful that I had the opportunity to do it for two summers. "Once a jammer, always a jammer!"

Editor's Note: Mike Butler is the author of Getting Around in Glacier National Park, newly released by Arcadia Publishing. It will be reviewed in our Summer issue.



(Photo courtesy of Mike Butler.)

Memories of Lake McD

By Jan Metzmaker (Lake McDonald 1971)

When I transferred to the University of Missouri in 1970, my dorm mate, Vickie (aka “Vickie Front Desk”) had just returned from a summer working at Lake McDonald Lodge. Her beautiful photo of Moon Over Lake McDonald convinced me to apply for a summer job. Fortunately, I was hired as a maid at Lake McDonald Lodge and earned a whopping \$1.00 per hour. I did get a raise to \$1.10 but after they took out room and board, I didn’t have much of a paycheck.

The good thing about housekeeping was the ability to skip out and go hiking once the rooms were cleaned. We all hustled and sped through the chores under Marianne Covert’s watchful eye. When we finished a room, we had to call her and report what room was ready for occupation. I can still hear her scratchy voice when she answered the phone, “Linen room, alrighty, thank you.”

And I vividly recall sweeping all the uncarpeted gray wooden floors.

The bad thing about being a maid was not having access to food. The employee meals were terrible. The first week I was there, we were served liver and onions, liver soup, liver spaghetti, liver stroganoff and liver and eggs. I hated liver and could hardly believe that this was the only option available. I wasn’t sure if the chef, Joseph, thought it was a desirable delicacy or if he had stumbled upon a bonanza of commodity liver.

One never knew what awful surprise would show up at dinner, like the breakfast sausages reappearing in the chili. I was living on those little boxes of breakfast cereal and pie. I remember one meal in particular when old brown sliced potatoes were mixed in with scrambled eggs and canned peas. It looked bad and smelled worse. I collected everyone’s plates and dumped the atrocious concoction into a garbage bag. I

marched into Manager Ron Patterson’s office, plopped the bag on his desk and told him we were not eating this *#@% anymore. He took one look in the bag and agreed. The food did get much better after that.

I didn’t starve during my short time at Lake McD and enjoyed probably one of the best summers of my life. Employees weren’t allowed to have cars. However, my good friend, Hannah Box, had an old 1950 something Chevy (aptly named Pepe Le Peu) hidden in the parking lot. We would all pile into her car to explore the park and beyond. From those excursions and working with such a fun group of folks, I made many life-long friends.

Seeing how I probably burned the bridge with my rabble rousing, I was fortunate to come back the next summer and spent 8 years working for the Park in trails and maintenance. Then it was on to the Glacier Institute and Glacier Guides. Finally, I became the founding director of The Glacier Park Fund (now the Glacier National Park Conservancy), Glacier’s first nonprofit fundraising partner.

Funny how a photograph of Moon Over Lake McDonald drew me to Montana and a life-long love affair with Glacier National Park. It was many months into the summer before I realized Vickie didn’t take that picture! Whenever I was in the gift shop, I would tell people that my roommate took that photo. Once I was doing that, and I noticed Vickie trying to get the attention of the employee with whom I was speaking. The employee was telling me that the photo had been around for ages. Vickie was trying to get her to play along. The jig was up!



Pretty maids in a row. Left to Right: Connie Barlow, Mike Merwin, Susan Demoski, Jan Bonham Metzmaker, Susan Simpson, Liz Blue Earth and Liz Van Tuienan. (Photo courtesy of Jan Metzmaker.)

Thanks to our generous donors!

The Glacier Park Foundation gratefully thanks the generous donors who've recently contributed funds beyond their membership dues. GPF remains an all-volunteer effort. We deeply appreciate the extra contributions which help fund our projects and our publications.

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(in memory of Leo Schneider)*

*Tracy Lewis
(in memory of Leo Schneider)*

*Alan and Regina MacRae
(in memory of Leo Schneider)*

*Ronald and Delores Matthews
(in memory of Leo Schneider)*

Drew Metcalfe

Judy Moats

Brian Murphy

Rick and Carole Murphy

Ann Nelson

Paul Novelli

Ralph Pollard

*Dean Sayles
(in honor of Bill and Marie Blunk)*

*Nicole Pressman-Schneider
(in memory of Leo Schneider)*

*John Schmidt
(in memory of Leo Schneider)*

*Steven Schultz
(in memory of my brother, Terry
Tharp)*

*John Seibel
(in memory of Leo Schneider)*

*Laura Shanks
(in memory of Leo Schneider)*

Laura Shearin

Robert Slater

Gail Sonnemann

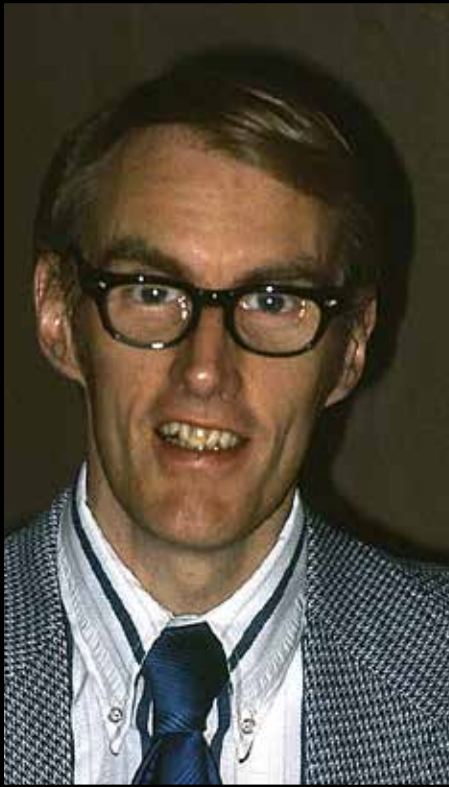
Jim Thompson

Tim Vadheim

Carl Van Valkenburg

Mac and Judy Willemssen

Ian Tippet received many rewards for his years of service with Glacier Park, Inc. Perhaps the most noteworthy of these awards came from the people he hired and helped to guide through their youth.



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An annual membership in the Foundation costs \$10. A "Friend of the Park" membership costs \$25 annually, cumulating to a Lifetime membership in five installments. A Lifetime membership paid in one installment costs \$100.

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